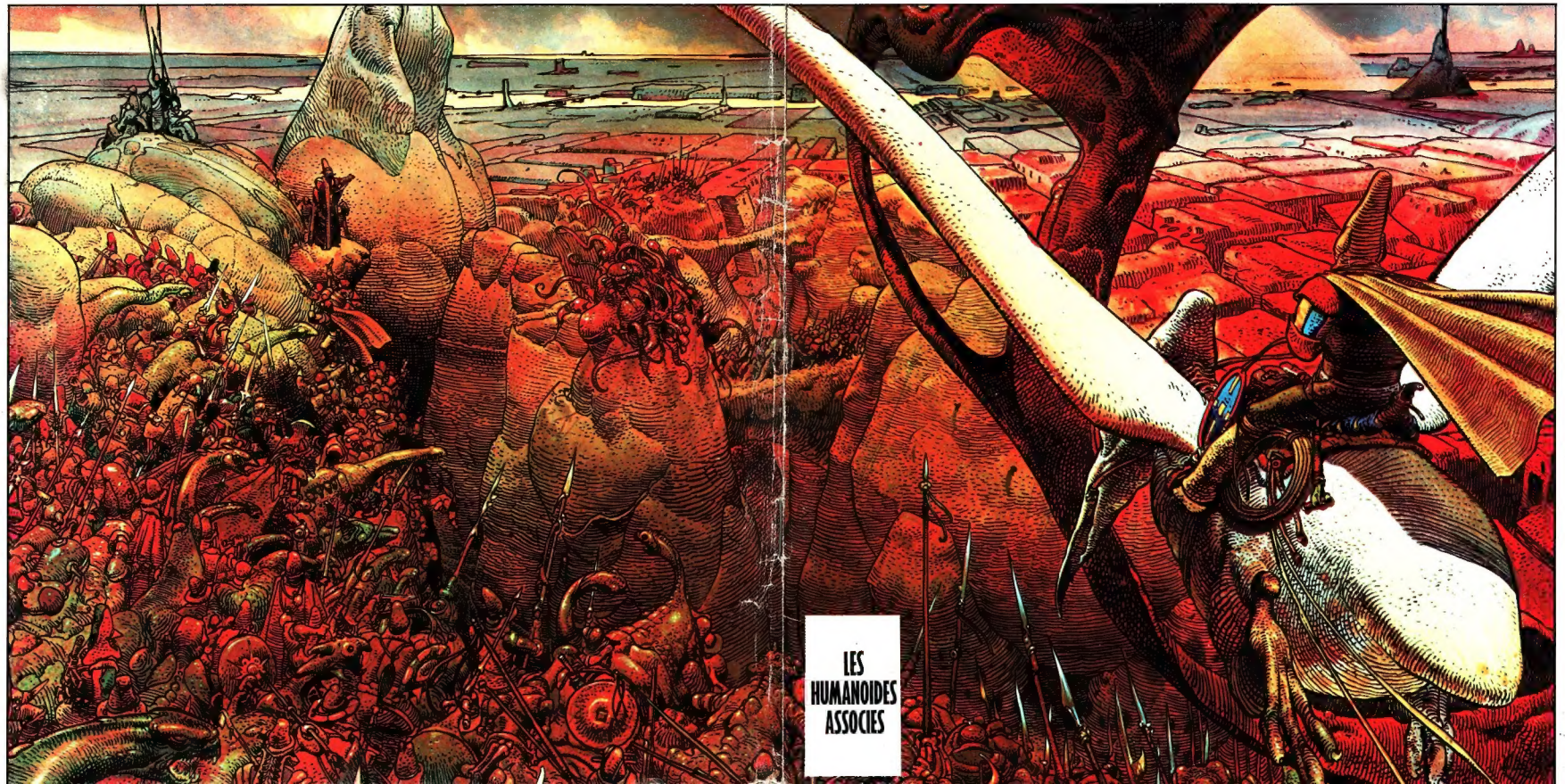
July 1977
$1.50

HEAVY METAL

The adult illustrated fantasy magazine

Featuring:

Eleven pages of Moebius's "Harzak"
The conclusion of Vaughn Bodé's "Sunpot"
Love, Death, ESP, and Intergalactic Super Spies



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CHAIN MAIL

Dear *HM*:

Bizarre! That's the word. Loved your May issue. The cover is now on my wall. Will there be wall posters of *Heavy Metal* characters coming out soon?

Marty Reese
Montreal, Canada

Are you serious, sir? This is the Twenty First Century Communications publishing empire. We will sell you everything from Heavy Metal *posters to ties, ashtrays, underarm guards, and birth control devices now that* Heavy Metal *sales have shown that there are hundreds of thousands of people out there who are just as weird as we thought.—Eds.*

Dear Editors:

You folks have to be commended for bringing an excellent magazine into existence. However, you still must admit that *Heavy Metal* runs a pale second to *Metal Hurlant*. Perhaps you approach the magazine from a different perspective than your French predecessors—more of an outgrowth of a humor magazine than an energetic endeavor into the realm of art and the unconscious.

Let's face it, something about *Metal Hurlant* turned a lot of people's heads around. But don't worry, a lot of people are going to buy *Heavy Metal* just to find out what the hell they've been saying in *Metal Hurlant* for the last couple of years....

Tucker Petertil
Santa Cruz, Ca.

The French magazine, Metal Hurlant, *includes fantasy, humor-satire, and fanzine-type news and reviews. Since we felt there were quite enough humor and fanzine books around over here, we chose to go strictly with the fantasy—leaving* Heavy Metal *with room for twenty-four more pages of color.—Eds.*

Dear *HM*:

Are the editors of *Heavy Metal* interested in exploring original material, or is the magazine devoted solely to import material?

Vincent Tartaro
Buffalo, N.Y.

For our first dozen issues, we plan to use mostly "import" material, plus such local talent as Frank Frazetta, Berni Wrightson, Gray Morrow, Ed Davis, and, of course, Vaughn Bodé. Later, as we "catch up" with the French magazine Metal Hurlant, *we will be looking for homegrown stuff, so keep in touch.—Eds.*

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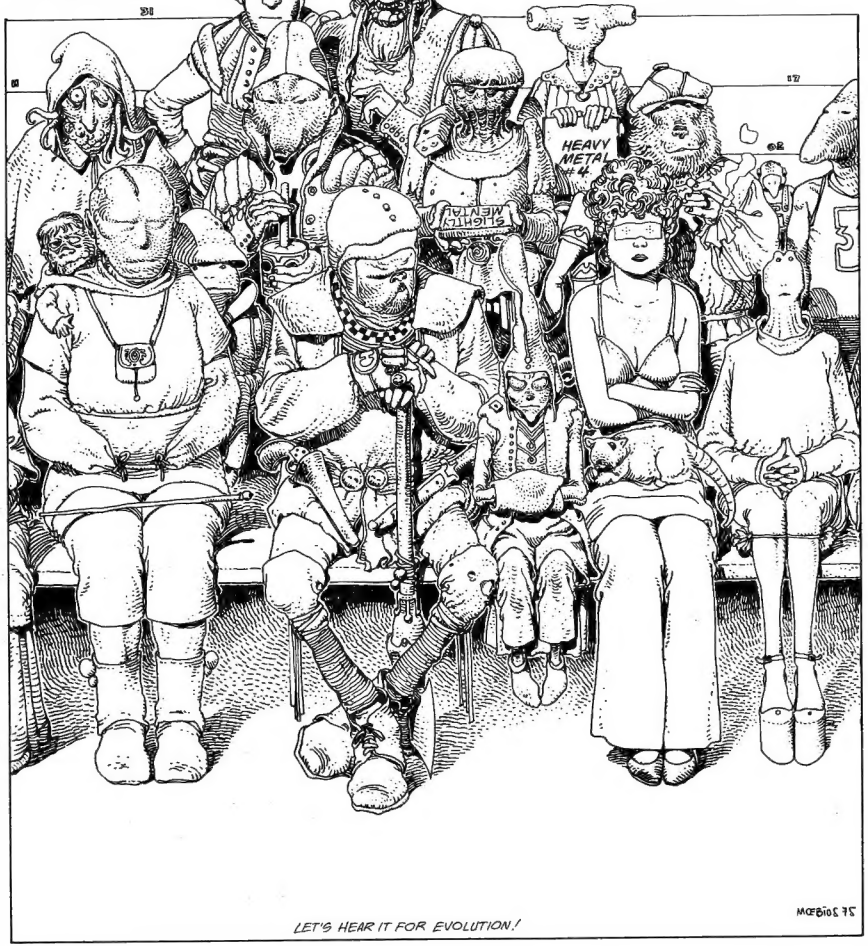
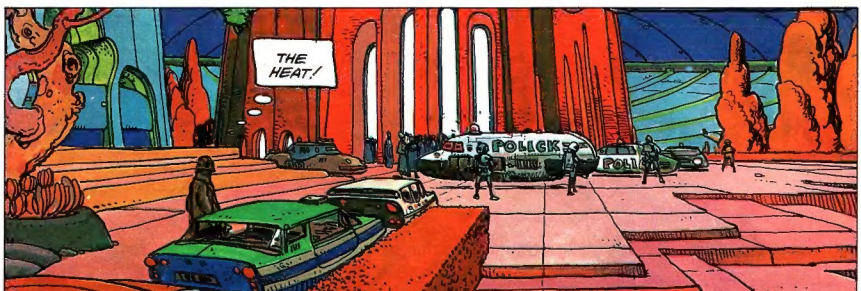
HARZAC


HEAVY METAL #4
SLIGHTLY METAL
LET'S HEAR IT FOR EVOLUTION!
MŒBIUS 75



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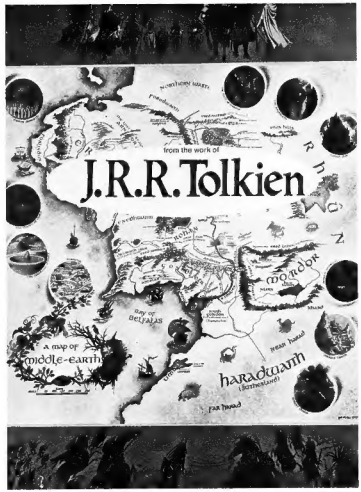

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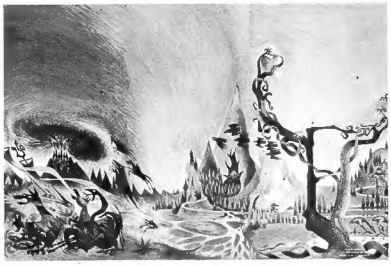

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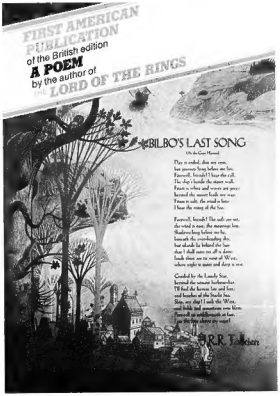
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...YET...

Twenty-one pgs of this issue belong to Moebius, including cover. Should keep Moebius freaks busy, and we'll get some quiet around here. The complete adventures of "Arzak," to be published in book form in America in September, along with another Moebius anthology and six assorted strangenesses, will be *Heavy Metal*'s way of saying thank you, give us more money, thank you again.

Dionnet and Farkas, two of the original humanoids who cause *Metal Hurlant* to happen in France, recently materialized here, gave *HM* their blessing, bought jeans, Keds, a gross of Jerry Lewis glossies, a carton of Luckies ("Bogie!"), and took off in an eerily silent *Concorde*. Refused, under torture (forced to audit French Berlitz lessons in Queens), to reveal details about Moebius. Clearly tales of messenger pterodactyl arriving with manuscript, waiting impatiently for tip, flying off into the night, un-totally true.

Ditto the doodle theory, the rumors of mainlining civet cat pituitary juices, three eyes, etc., etc.

Clearly Moebius has most international, not to speak of intergalactic, possibilities of an *MH—HM* artist. He's easiest to translate.

"Arzak" concludes in this issue, as does "Sunpot." So you won't have Vaughn Bodé to kick around anymore.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS: Published monthly by HM Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 $18.00 paid annual subscription, $26.00 paid two-year subscription, and $33.00 paid three year subscription in territorial U.S. Additional $1.00 for Canada and Mexico, $2.00 for foreign. Application for mailing second-class postage pending at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscriber please send change of address to Circulation Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 Allow six weeks for change. POSTMASTER: Please mail form 3579 notices to: Circulation Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

ADVERTISING OFFICES: New York: Douglas N. Roeder, Advertising Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022 (212) 688 4070. Chicago: William H. Sanke, Midwest Advertising Director, 360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60601 (312) 346 7145. West Coast: Lowell Fox Associates, 16033 Ventura Blvd., Encino, Ca. 91436 (213) 990 9950. **EDITORIAL INFORMATION:** Contact Submissions Editor, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, or call (212) 688 4070. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, and photographs submitted if they are to be returned. Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material.

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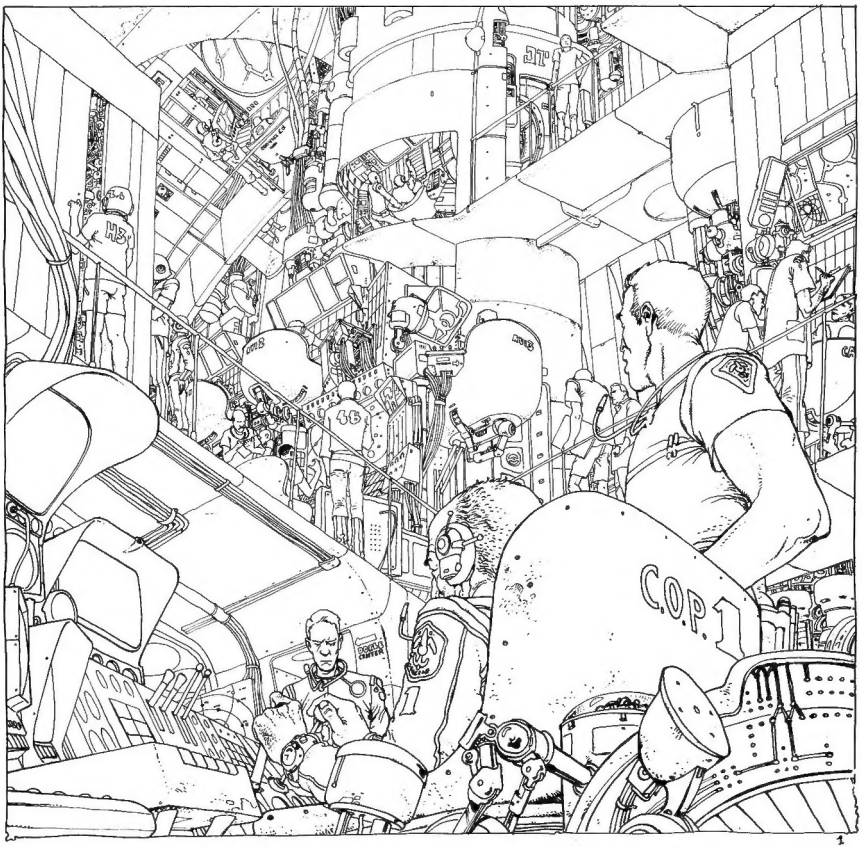
SCRIPT...PHILIPPE DRUILLET

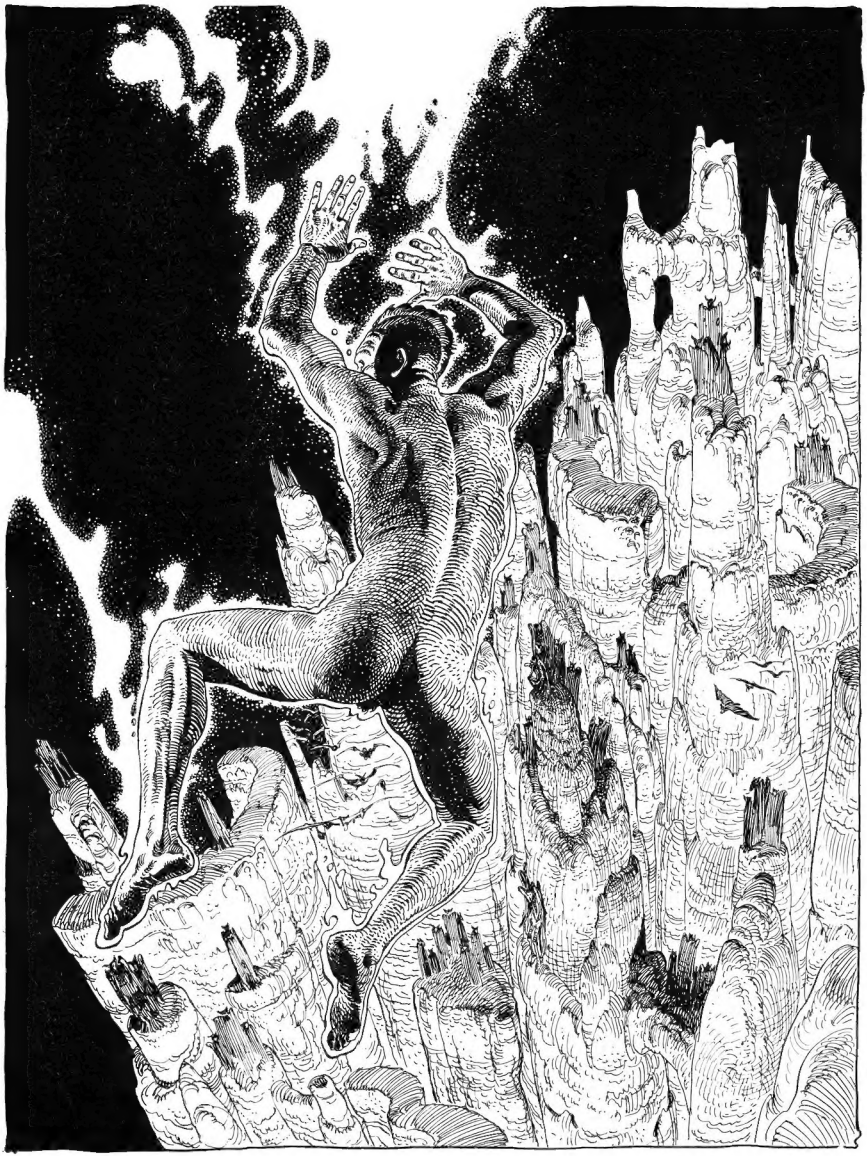
APPROACHING CENTAURI

ART...MOEBIUS



1

NOW HEAR THIS!... WE ARE NOW ENTERING HYPER SPACE
APPROACHING ON AX10020 PHASE:
ENTERING WARP OVERDRIVE
APPROACHING ON BX10030 PHASE:
AUTOMATIC CONTROLS!..
"AUTO CONTROL": NOW HEAR THIS!
ZETA ZERO ZAP
V



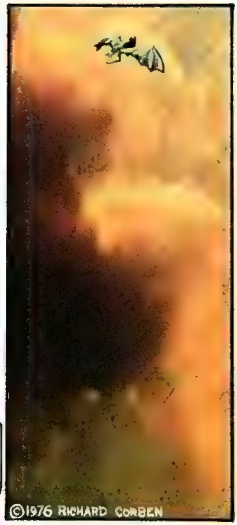
HE'S COMING OUT OF IT!
THE GENERATOR OVERLOADED, SIR...YOU WERE THROWN OUTSIDE THE T/S CONTINUUM/ IT'S EXTREMELY UNUSUAL AND...
HOW DO YOU FEEL?
DID YOU SEE ANYTHING OUT THERE?
IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW... THE INTERCOM, FAST! GET BACK ON EXIT MANEUVER AT PHASE
I SAW NOTHING... NOTHING ...SAW NOTHING... NOTHING...
NOW HEAR THIS/ WE ARE ENTERING HYPER SPACE....
APPROACHING ON AK 10020
ZETA ZERO ZAP.
FIN

DEN

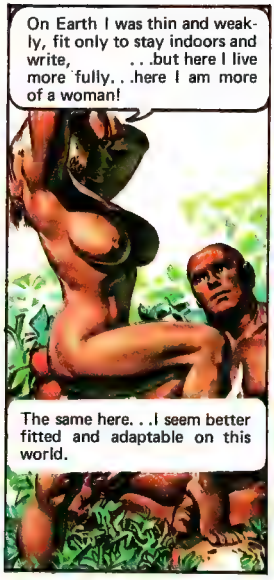
Upon stumbling into this bizarre world through the dimensional warp device, I had first encountered a native girl and her carnivorous dragon, and then a diabolical high priestess and her hellish sacrifices to some monster of those lake ruins. I had just saved an unfortunate from one of her blasphemous ceremonies. . .to my surprise the victim was a woman! Gasping for air after near drowning we had no time to question each other as the priestess' guards were set upon us. I saw only one route to escape. . .

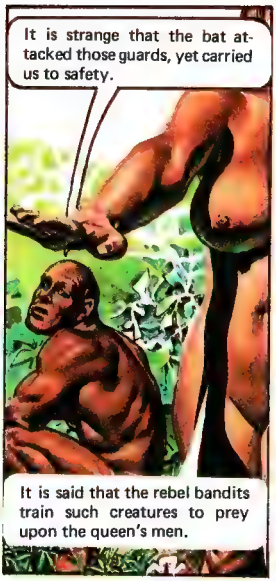
We leapt onto the monster's back and clung tenaciously to its dirty, matted fur.

The beast bore us aloft not a second too soon as the guards ran toward us.



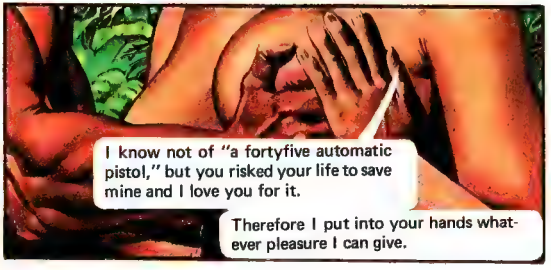
After an hour I coaxed the monster down to a peaceful place of refuge for food and water.
The strange globular fruit of this world was especially abundant here. We didn't go hungry or thirsty. . .and for the first time since my arrival on this strange soil I listened to a human voice.
I can't thank you enough for saving me. . .
How did that inhuman woman get a hold of you?
WHAT? So am I!
It was evening. . .I'd gone for a walk in the marsh. I was following one of the will-of-the-wisps which seemed to lead me to a glowing gate. Stepping through I suddenly felt afire and found myself in this strange world. . .changed and naked, captured by that monstrous woman!
Well, you may not believe this. . .I'm from another world other than this one. . .a place called EARTH!
Another one! That monster must be kidnapping everyone! My name is Katherine Wells; I'm from London. Time makes no difference here but there it was the summer of 1892 and I'd gone to the country to write, I'm a novelist you see.
Suddenly, at Katherine's words of a marsh light I had a disturbing recollection of a shimmering glow, a creature of light that beckoned someone through a dimensional warp like my own. The person was uncle Dan! How could I remember that? It wasn't MY memory!
Here I am different!


On Earth I was thin and weakly, fit only to stay indoors and write, . . .but here I live more fully. . .here I am more of a woman!
The same here. . .I seem better fitted and adaptable on this world.


It is strange that the bat attacked those guards, yet carried us to safety.
It is said that the rebel bandits train such creatures to prey upon the queen's men.

Another odd vision intruded. It was the queen creating weapons as Katherine described.

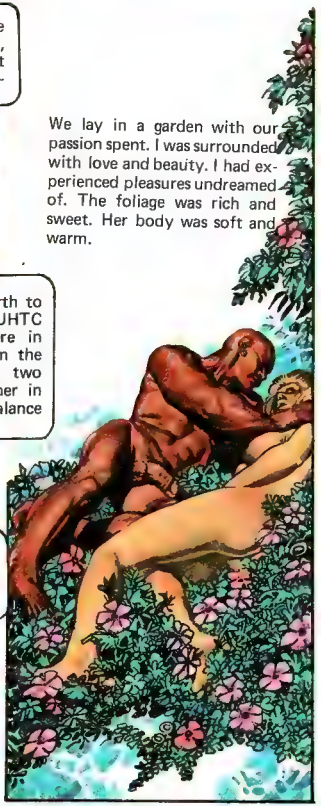
The memory was foreign to me! The phantom pictures haunted my mind. Why did they appear so titillatingly, yet with no context?

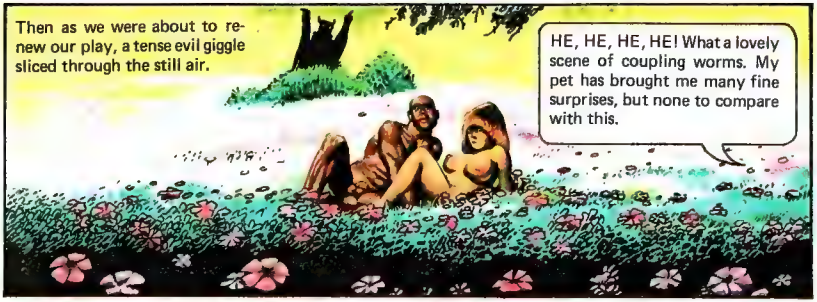

I know not of "a fortyfive automatic pistol," but you risked your life to save mine and I love you for it.
Therefore I put into your hands whatever pleasure I can give.

It seemed that this new life of mine offered not only great risks but great rewards.
I could never have attained a woman of Katherine's beauty on earth, but here she was mine.

I brought her from Earth to sacrifice to great UHLUHTC because her double here in Neverwhere is useless in the ceremony. As long as two Keeth-Rens exist together in the same dimension the balance of our world is upset!

We lay in a garden with our passion spent. I was surrounded with love and beauty. I had experienced pleasures undreamed of. The foliage was rich and sweet. Her body was soft and warm.




Then as we were about to renew our play, a tense evil giggle sliced through the still air.
HE, HE, HE, HE! What a lovely scene of coupling worms. My pet has brought me many fine surprises, but none to compare with this.

Yes, I know you my friends. You, Keeth-Ren apparently have escaped the royal bitch's ceremony. That is to our good. It shall never happen now.

Ah, ah, Den. Calm down. Don't you remember me? I'm Gel. We played pawns in that unforgettable adventure years ago.

No, I don't know you Gel and I wish you would leave us alone here.
I'm afraid I can't do that. You are both very important to me . . .my prisoners.

As he finished uttering that word, a slight rustling whispered from all around us. Gel had us.

Don't try to escape! Den you come from a world with automatic firearms, you must realize you can't outrun these.
Koth-Rost, tie them.
Wait! We've done nothing against you. Won't you tell us why you hate us?
Very well Den. You seem to be suffering from amnesia, so I'll tell you. . .then kill you.
I lead these rebels against that vile queen's tyranny. She plans to unleash a monstrous HORROR on this world, one that even she must bow before. She thinks she can control IT for her own ambitions.
To gain the aid of my folk she appealed to the criminal classes darker principles. Those more upright she tortured. She breeds my people with the evil things from the dark regions beyond, making a race of fiends to serve her.
Between the worlds on the Outside lies ancient, powerful and evil forces that constantly try to break into the real world, all worlds. . .even your Earth has doorways for these forces. The Queen found old, old magic and power in those ancient ruins and one of those gateways to the Outside. She breeds my people into a degenerate race of slaves to open that gate.

She sacrifices you human folk every new moon to that THING, drawing IT closer to the almost ready doorway. And the land grows steadily more sinister with ITS approach!
Keeth-Ren is a vital key to the queen's plan, so to prevent her sacrifice, she must be eliminated.
Our world would be ravaged and barren and our people insane if this thing comes to pass. That's why I lead the revolt against her. We must stop her before it is too late!
Den, you must die because you were the queen's pawn. You took the magic Loc-Nar from me and gave it to her.
KILL THEM!
But you are a noble warrior! Wouldn't you prefer to avenge the wrong with a Trial by Combat?
STOP!
I'm glad you said that. You are trading a quick painless death for a slow one.
Untie him.
TO THE DEATH!
If I win, we will be freed?
HA!
HA!

This belligerent chieftain knew me which added a psychological edge to his obvious physical advantages. I thrust!
oh?
THUP!
He moved aside effortlessly. His blurred counterattacks seemed now like a cutting whip
. . .now like a kicking mule.
Heh?
SWAK!!
BWAK!
BATTLE! The queen's BUGS are attacking!
Gel suddenly thought to end the trial quickly, to attend to the new threat.
Desperately, I tried to escape. The growing darkness closed in. My arms flailed about grasping for anything.
. . .to be continued.

The Prince of Mist

By Walter C. F. Perry

I. Arrival

The voyage lately over
Ere go the mates of yore
The dusk a velvet cover
The daybreak is night's door
Twixt other in unnamed altars
The shrine of fate's strange lore
from The Portable Space Pal 27078

The trip was indeed over, and the craft burned silver blue. There was a cacophony of whirring, cursing, rhythmic thuds, the booms of loading and unloading. They were all oddities, and He knew it. The culmination of the perils inherent in a megavoyage merely to be regarded as an annoying diversion for these cosmic cretins. "Look at the funny man, Mummy," said some brat to her mother. "Hush!" came the response, followed by an awkward giggle. "Bloody colonial bastards," He thought.

He felt much better after sleeping on a real bed, eating fresh food the next morning, and stepping from the hostel with the delicious feeling of nothing to do for a whole millicune. Be it understood that the fastidious habits of a helmsman are soon broken by the prospect of blissful reverie. Or

are they? He watched the giggling families through the plexiplates for what he knew to be too long a time. Old longings and insecurities began to nag vaguely at His psyche, and He moved on.

"Squire," said the hoarse voice. He turned slowly to be confronted by a stump of a man in a smokey doorwell. "Squire, I take ye for a man being wots of exquisite breedin' and all. I state me proposition frankly to yer refined ears. Be you, wot a gennelmin and all, in the mood for a little amusement?

"Eh, see here, sir. Go!" A pity that one reads like a book to others in direct proportion to self-professed enigmatic states, He thought. He was interested, and the mind's eye conjured up images of dusky, bawdy wenches. Why not take the time?

"This way, Squire." The little man smiled secretly to the wind. Organic nature is relative, emotional suggestion ephemeral. Had his galvanized sensory conjecture pattern not been formulated, influence over the subject would have been completely lost. Yes, it was the secret smile of acquired wisdom. Was it one thousand generations of careful observation that attuned these powers so completely? A million? No justification for the galactic ethos was quite as sublime as the knowledge that the ethos survived intact even now. And it would continue to survive!

Through the silent streets they walked. The gentle hum of the town and bright colors of Suns-set melted to become the vision of an old Terrahyde dome. "Taint like nuttin' yeve ever beheldeh to before," hissed the old man. "Certified unique in all the Universe. 'Tis no lie. There be not another such establishment within five lightstars of where we now talk." He knew this was all too true, for the chaste medallion of the Helmsmen Brotherhood hung around his neck like a stinking albatross. Beloved leaders spent their time promoting antiseptic purity with a good deal of success. "Why shouldn't the robots trouble their pretty little heads with something original now and again?" He thought. He felt markedly superior to the clones. "Watson's botched science project" was His private name for them. It was a class prejudice, really. He had true parents at one time. Still, to be found with a wench carried the promise of instant liquidation. The clones had mandated that legislation into the Civil Scriptures eons ago.

He stopped before the dome. The choice had been made by an unseen force far more seminal than the Law, or even the clones themselves. What did they understand about the difference, anyway? It was unlike Him to be introspective, and this pejorative chain of thought was abruptly shattered by the pointed questions of the dome's lockman

"What brings you here, Laddie?"

"I've heard and I know," He replied

"And just what is it you know, my Young Friend?"

"I know enough, is what."

"Just what does that mean, Sonny?"

The beads of sweat began to gather on His forehead, and He felt like vomiting. Suppose it was all a mistake, or a trap? Were these men in the pay of the Officials, forcing him to call his hand? True, they could not legally kill him yet, but he would be stripped of his rank and career and pension. The damned clones don't even have to worry about growing old. Just zap a new part on from the factory.

In a hoarse voice, He cried, "I was born of no laboratory. I am one of you. There is a reason for my being brought here, and we shall all be caught if you do not let us in soon. And I..."

He swallowed hard, trying to find a drop of saliva in his parched throat. He drew in a deep breath. "I have heard stories of the woman." He said at long last. Moving on invisible tracked hinges, the massive titanium door swung silently inward. As they stepped through, it closed again.

II. Discovery

A ripple of light
Is like the sacred fire
Of the mind's hidden
Magic

from The Book
Universal Elders of Carbonidum

There were eight of them in the room. He noticed seven doors leading out of the chamber, each evenly spaced in a circle. The hydraulic lift had deposited the three of them in the exact center spot and gently stopped. Silence. An unspoken shared knowledge was etched into each of the seven old faces. It was Quorb, the Timeless, who spoke for all in a Voice of One: "We bid ye fair welcome, young Helmsman. Born of man and woman, ye come seeking revelation."

The flame contained within the sacred urn changed color with his words, and the edifice was at once drenched with the scent of heavy incense. "My lad, we were once as You."

The flame now burned pure white, as Quorb paused.

"Who are you?" He asked.

"We are men—biological accidents such as yourself, who have assumed this form in order to continue our work. We are mere instruments who preserve the triumphs and failures of an era long gone when creatures such as ourselves ruled the stars."

"You go by the name of the Elders of Carbonidum, n'est-ce pas?" He asked.

A loud gasp was uttered by each of the seven. Quorb spoke at last: "That is correct. Ye stand commended for astute powers of deduction. And who be ye, what matter of person?" The Youth smiled gently, as he remembered the other half of the ritual greeting. "I bid thee peace," He said, and waited until he could control the tone of his voice to obtain the desired effect.

"I go by the name of Julian Daniels in the ancient tongue. My father was King Bernard, loved and served by each of you seven. I need not bring up memories painful to all of us. I have come to rule. Hear me now."

The room now pulsated with electric tension, though not a sound was heard. "Prove thyself," spoke Quorb

Julian removed the coarse shirt of an *ouvrier* from his back. There, on his left arm just above the elbow, was a tattoo unique in all the five worlds. The colors within shifted with each muscle contraction, giving off incandescent hues. It showed a man and a woman engaged in the act of sexual intercourse. Above their heads stood the letters *EOC* and a crown. Beneath them were the words: RECTE AGENS CONFIDO—RECTE AGENS VERITAS. In the proper light, one could almost think the drawings alive as they moved realistically upon the flesh.

"Prince Julian XVLII, we are Thy humblest servants.

With Thy rod and Thy crown we implore Thee to rule as Thine ancestors, long departed from this form, and to bring forth a new ideal created in hope and dedicated to the proposition that all of Thy assembled subjects are deferential creatures."

With the conclusion of the ancient ceremony, regal power effectively transferred. King Julian's first official act was to snap his fingers. The lift hissed to a demure stop once more, and deposited eight more creatures into the middle of the floor. These were human in appearance save for one thing—the eyes were totally expressionless.

King Julian cleared his throat. "My loyal fellows, I present to thee the self-same crew of mine own ship *Berkley*. These are all clones which I destroyed. Thou shalt see that they have yet to serve their most glorious - and ironic— purpose.

III. Conception and Creation

Mind and Body, Spirit and Flesh,
Learn to unlearn and discover that fulcrum;
At which anything is possible....

Elder's Law

"The point is that we shall not fail. I have seen my own family murdered by the clones and run through life afraid of being discovered for being what I am. We have failed thus far, but I promise upon the soul of my ancestors that justice shall be done. The acculturation of the Elders of Carbonidum must cease, for there is little insight to be gained if we all become relics, as sterile as the clones themselves."

The King paused. "We must share our ways and act with urgency. We must ally ourselves with other life forms and seek to produce young in our image. The question that is foremost in all of our minds is: Can life survive? I tell you it must!" Silence. Julian smiled gently to himself.

As the King spoke, clone megasecurity forces smashed down the door in a transient hostel. They were acting on data which stated there was a human spy posing as a Helmsman. The Chief shot several heat probes into the figure identified by the Minicom as definitely having human tissue structure. "It's done," came the coded message to Data CentCore. A peach-colored mist hung above the spot where the body had been seconds before. This would soon dissipate, leaving but one charred cinder. Not nearly enough for CentCore to analyze and discover that the specimen in question had been in a frozen state for over thirty times its projected lifetime.

Sometime later, a battered Terrahyde dome in a rural corner of the city exploded. The velocity was so great that the colloidal ectoplasm in a nearby Model Citizen Center was measured as being unacceptable and infecund.

The regional chief of clone megasecurity reported that humanoid muscle was found within the blast site. However, radioactivity present rendered positive identification impossible. A report issued by CentCore stated that the Elders of Carbonidum were victims of their own treachery, and existed no more. Clones by the megabillions rested secure in the knowledge that they were the dominant organic force in the cosmos.

Sometime later, the *Berkley* cruised silently in orbit. The engines were silent and the instrument lights gently winked from within the chromium panels. Soft music and the smell of subtle cooking lingered in the air like fine perfume. There was great merriment as Julian called for order.

"Survivors of an extinct race," he said to the general amusement of all. "We have not beaten them yet. Nor can we, without the use of precision and general..." He paused and noticed the Elders return to their normally subdued attitude—luck." If we are to be successful, I require two things: complete knowledge of the Sacred Laws of the Elder's Books, and a Queen. We must procreate if we are to do battle.

"There is a machine in the ancient Scriptures known as the Queanto-Nebulizer. I am well aware of the unique power of this device with regard to its ability to change the dimensions of time and space...." His voice trailed off to a pointed whisper.

Millions of miles away, the fluorescent blue sun rose gently above the horizon. A young girl lay amidst the soft velvet sheets, deliciously naked in the lace frame bed. She yawned sweetly and began to feel slightly dizzy.

Some unseen force yanked her across the room and through the door. It was all so odd, so eerie. She felt no pain at all, nor did she feel or sense her own form, as her essence traveled faster than light itself to some lonely spot of light. "I see that you have come to see me," smiled Julian. "Know that you understand everything that I am saying to you now and what you are thinking. You will understand all in good time, but unfortunately, we do not have that kind of time right now. Trust me." She pushed away from his touch.

The King looked suddenly wistful as his calloused palm slipped along the contour of her hard naked breast. The girl again pushed away, and the face of Julian Daniels grew hard and stern. She was like the others, was she not? All that bitterly lonely time there had been someone laughing at him, disdainful of his very existence. His left hand struck out at the girl's face.

Lips to lips and stomach to stomach, they lay for a long while. The soft folds of flesh gently parted, and Julian found that he suddenly felt like laughing. Was this what it was all about? The girl placed her hands on his buttocks. He found that his hands were gently tracing the outlines of her thighs and ribs. Thus, it continued for a long while until that certain shiver shook them both, and everything was soft and quiet. Julian was happily unable to think of anything at all, and did not care. He looked down at his companion and gently straightened her tousled golden hair so that it fell evenly on either side of her face.

The girl intuitively felt there was another life within her body, and winced gently. She again tried to push Julian away and cursed him, fluently but silently. She did not believe her body would look the same ever again, but she was wise to keep her thoughts to herself. Julian took her hands and kissed them.

It was several 'cunes before their passion grew into anything that faintly resembled reciprocity, but Julian was an attentive mate and won her over with his devotion. He now called her Alys, after his great aunt who was fated to possess the prettiest face in the entire kingdom. Alys the First was as prolific as she was beautiful; she had produced

dukes, princes, and earls enough for three royal families. Julian was amused with his choice of names, and with the more mundane aspects of space traveling, to the point that he almost forgot about the clones. One day, quite by accident, his plans began to fall into shape quite neatly. For her part, the second Alys was silent and observant.

It was Quorb who was the inspiration for the entire plan. The chieftain of the Elders was inclined to melancholia on the occasions that Julian would mention his parents, the King and Queen. "Yes, my boy, I remember them as well as if they be in the next room. The Old King, y'know, he was very fond of our Technical Indoctrination Centers, he was. Used to assist in the preparation of the R & D control tapes personally. Mind you, it was nothing like the perfected way it got to be. Machines are imperfect creatures, sire. All of them a temperament of their own...."

"I remember it all now," said Julian. "The Box with a Million Eyes is what they used to call it, and father intended it as an extention of the Rhetoric and Techno-Didacta Operation Commands. But the Image Content was manipulated by the Overlords to provoke a confrontation with the clones. We were severely trounced, and may be yet again."

Julian thought of the horrible pictures, mutilated living corpses, screaming and bleeding with the death rattle in their throats. He remembered the awful pointless rage that spread like a plague throughout the kingdom, until no one was safe from the foul bitterness that turned each against the other. Tears formed as he remembered fleeing the once-proud city under the cover of smoke, thick with the odor of burning flesh. The humans had done more damage to themselves than had the clones, by inventing the Box with a Mill. It was then that Julian was seized by an idea which struck him as simple and absolutely foolproof. "Quorb, you rascal," he called.

"Your Highness," said Quorb, with an air of uncertainty. He had never been addressed in such a manner.

"Quorb, you're an absolute genius, man. You've just given us the plan to defeat the clones."

"What, Sire?"

Julian was laughing now."Remember what it was that destroyed our cities and empire? Oh, say you, do stout fellow."

"Twas the clones, my lord," said Quorb, in the manner of a hopeful schoolboy. "Twas those black-livered sons of Watson...."

"Quorb," interjected Julian sharply. "Twas our own vanity, too. The Box with a Million Eyes turned us against each other. That blasted experiment in Electronic Baroque almost cost the entire race its life. We shall reinvent the machine for our clone friends, and sit back to pick up the pieces as they destroy themselves."

Julian was true to his word. He wrote scenarios so pernicious that the clones were obliterated within several macrocunes. It happened with such speed and dread efficiency that the story can scarcely be told. Clone against clone battled until the street surfaces swam with surfeit steroids. The electric decadence spread throughout the entire clone empire until humans came from their hiding places to evolve once more. The few clones left in a recognizable state were preserved as curiosity pieces, or kept as servants by the ruling classes.

IV. Epilogue

And what, after all, is one human life
But a shrill cry of destiny echoing off the bloody walls
of time?

Catechism of King Julian,
Opus #5, 7p

Julian sauntered through the splendid new palace. There was a baby crying, and the promises of more children—a resurgence of the race. He was not at ease, nor was he content.

Alys regarded him with cold disdain, seeking satisfaction in the mechanical art of Quaento-Nebulization. Quorb had been only too happy to teach her the workings of the machine. He was interested in anyone who would take an interest in the Sacred Tradition of the Elders. Julian did not give a damn; now the battle was over.

The truth of the matter was that the King had alienated the affections of his Queen for some reason of which they both were unsure. The two did not talk, nor did they care about each other. "Screw her," thought Julian. "I can have any woman I want within five planets of here." In his more lachrymose moments, the King believed he must have tried most of those maidens.

Alys found that she was again pregnant. The child had been conceived in a loveless fit of royal rage when Julian had yelled, "Are you just going to lie there like a board, woman?" The silence between them hung heavy and melancholy in the royal chambers, and the Queen decided that she would take the Quaento-Nebulizer and return to her own planet. Her mind was made up, and there was no remorse in her heart as the last dial was set. She left.

Arriving on her native world, she found the familiar form of Julian waiting. "I know," he said. She clawed at him, but he felled her with one blow. "I'm quite sorry," he said. "Do whatever the hell you please from now on. I am not going to stop you."

The three tradesmen traveling east across a desert saw what appeared to be a diamond light-star.

"Shall we follow it?" one of them asked another.

"Don't be a fool," said the second. "We've got a quota to fill and a long way to town. Look and see how it is curving in the other direction."

"It might be interesting," interjected the third.

And so they debated, and in so doing the intense light field that surrounded King Julian and Alys passed eastward into uncharted cosmos. Their child, born of an unhappy union, was placed in an animal's stall to be cared for by strangers in this distant and strange planet. The child possessed remarkable powers which concerned Julian only once for a couple of millicunes.

The King and Queen settled into a life of uneasy domesticity once more. He was moody; she was expressive. There were many diversions and amusements; life was not without its rewards.

The Elders of Carbonidum smiled to themselves, and blissfully reflected upon how lucky they were to be carrying the torch of tradition. Theirs was the secret delight of puppeteers pulling on the strings of their figurines in an empty theater.

Quomodo sedet sola civitas. ●

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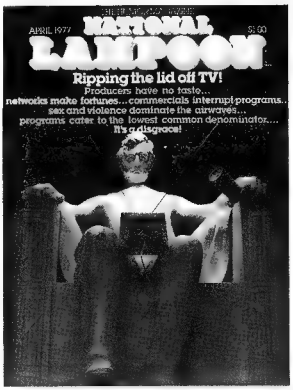

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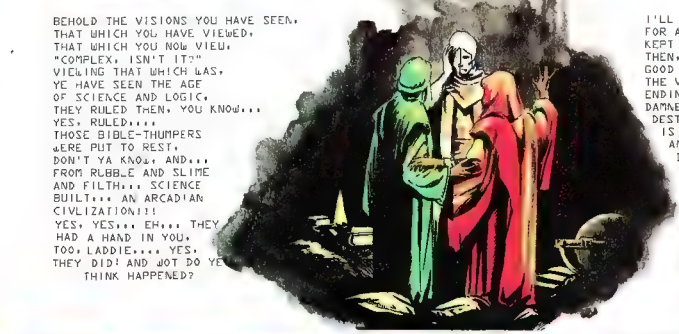
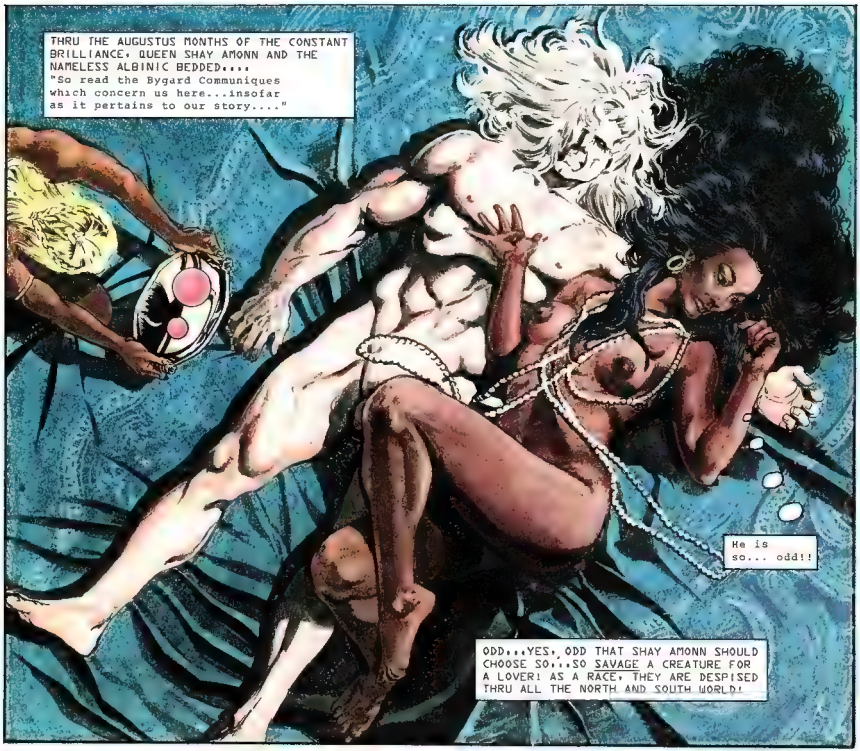
WORLD APART

THE GOLDEN CITY

BY E.E. DAVIS

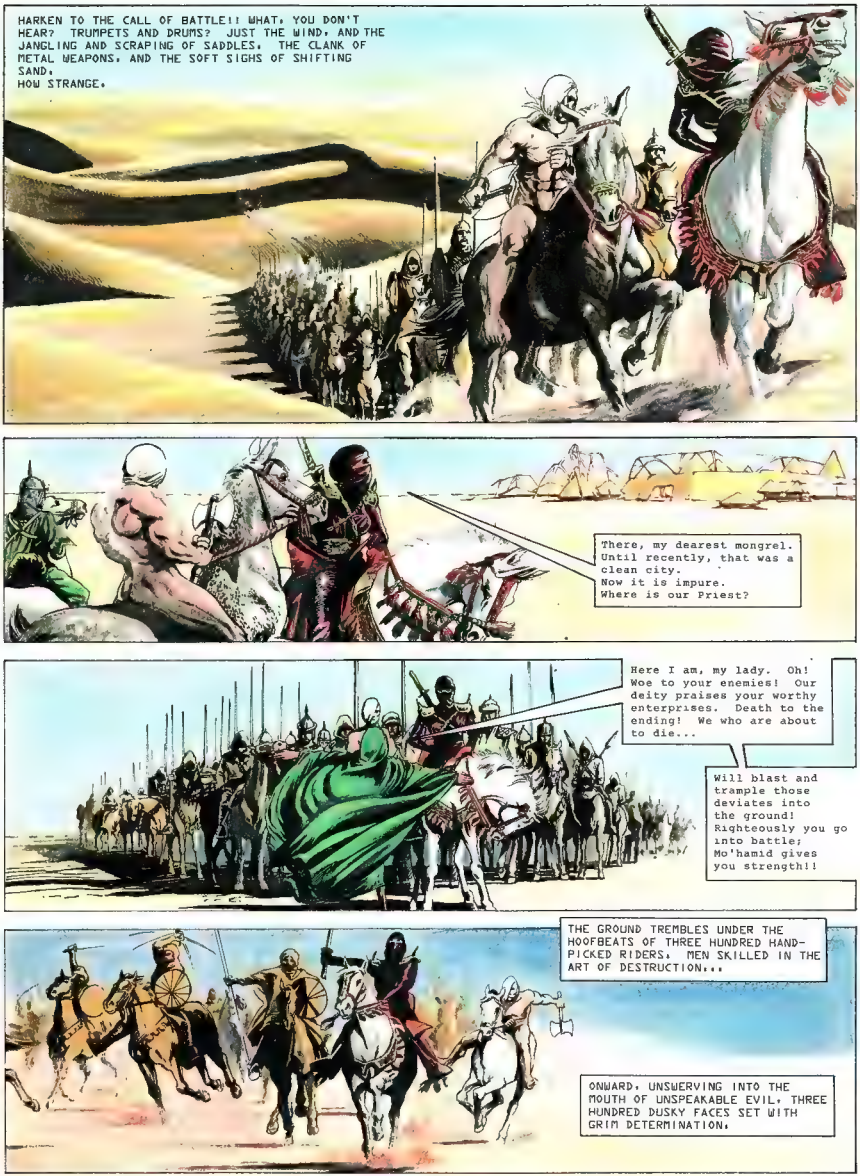

BEHOLD THE VISIONS YOU HAVE SEEN, THAT WHICH YOU HAVE VIEWED, THAT WHICH YOU NOW VIEW. "COMPLEX, ISN'T IT?" VIEWING THAT WHICH WAS, YE HAVE SEEN THE AGE OF SCIENCE AND LOGIC. THEY RULED THEN, YOU KNOW... YES, RULED.... THOSE BIBLE-THUMPERS WERE PUT TO REST, DON'T YA KNOW, AND... FROM RUBBLE AND SLIME AND FILTH... SCIENCE BUILT... AN ARCADIAN CIVILIZATION!!! YES, YES... EH... THEY HAD A HAND IN YOU, TOO, LADDIE... YES. THEY DID! AND WOT DO YE THINK HAPPENED?
I'LL TELL YE WOT BLUDDY 'APPENED! FOR A MILLENIUM, SCIENCE AND LOGIC KEPT THE HUMAN ANIMALS 'APPY. THEN, THANKS TO SOME SLIMY, NO-GOOD RATSO PRIESTS, THERE FOLLOWED THE VILE ERUPTION WE KNOW AS THE ENDING. FOR WE KNOW THAT WE ARE DAMNED, HEADING FOR... FINAL DESTRUCTION. SO YOU VIEW WOT IS NOW... FOR EONS, THE HUMAN ANIMAL HAS BEEN SLIDING DOWN TO DISGUSTIN' OBLIVION. NOW THE RATS ONLY HAVE A FEW CENTURIES LEFT... THE ENDING COMES IN MANY FORMS, KNOW YOU. IT COMES IN THE SHAPE OF HUMAN ANIMALS, ITS SOUL BLACK AND CRUSTED AND EVIL.

I'm gonna smite one o' them evil spavined cultists!!
A Jihad... a holy purging of once upon a time!!
oin me .
Sum 'ope, mate....
I know about you.... I know about you and your kind....Why you are wot you are... eh...WOT YOU WERE...! Yes...I know...I know... WOT YOU ARE...!!!


THRU THE AUGUSTUS MONTHS OF THE CONSTANT BRILLIANCE, QUEEN SHAY AMONN AND THE NAMELESS ALBINIC BEDDED....
"So read the Bygard Communiques which concern us here...insofar as it pertains to our story...."
He is so... odd!!
ODD...YES, ODD THAT SHAY AMONN SHOULD CHOOSE SO...SO SAVAGE A CREATURE FOR A LOVER! AS A RACE, THEY ARE DESPISED THRU ALL THE NORTH AND SOUTH WORLD!

Are you as other men-- do you find drink and smoky reflection...
Necessary after eroticism? Must I praise your superhuman performance and audio the rasp of your expanded ego? Or... but no, you are brute and I... am...promiscuous!
You are Shay Amonn. My lady.

My most holy lady, you who are the light! The keeper of my heart, the universe on which...
Down to a minimum, if you please.
Your exalted General Yasif Arifi waits beyond! He bids me speak....
ENOUGH!! (Dim-witted Cow)
SPEAK!!
My...my Lady...For two days now, reports on the city of Telletrim have reached us. They speak of possession. On my orders, a company of Kruse-eide riders were dispatched to reckon the area designated. Today... a dispatch courier from our northern outpost sited the remains of our Kruse-eide riders. My life is, of course, forfeit!!
Smile, vulgar brute!! The reason we were born... we go to die.


HARKEN TO THE CALL OF BATTLE!! WHAT, YOU DON'T HEAR? TRUMPETS AND DRUMS? JUST THE WIND, AND THE JANGLING AND SCRAPING OF SADDLES, THE CLANK OF METAL WEAPONS, AND THE SOFT SIGHS OF SHIFTING SAND.
HOW STRANGE.
There, my dearest mongrel. Until recently, that was a clean city.
Now it is impure.
Where is our Priest?
Here I am, my lady. Oh! Woe to your enemies! Our deity praises your worthy enterprises. Death to the ending! We who are about to die...
Will blast and trample those deviates into the ground! Righteously you go into battle; Mo'hamid gives you strength!!
THE GROUND TREMBLES UNDER THE HOOFBEATS OF THREE HUNDRED HAND-PICKED RIDERS, MEN SKILLED IN THE ART OF DESTRUCTION...
ONWARD, UNSWERVING INTO THE MOUTH OF UNSPEAKABLE EVIL, THREE HUNDRED DUSKY FACES SET WITH GRIM DETERMINATION.

Burn them!!

THE ONCE-FREE CITY OF TELLETRIM BURNS. THE ODOR OF DEATH HANGS HEAVY OVER TELLETRIM.

THE DAYS WHICH FOLLOW THE TELLETRIM ENGAGEMENT ARE SPENT IN SINGING, DRINKING, AND EROTIC REVELRY... BUT ALSO IN ANTICIPATION. FOR THEIR WORLD IS DOOMED. AS A RACE, THE HUMAN ANIMAL NOW PREPARES FOR HIS LAST BATTLE.

LITTLE IS RECORDED OF THE LAST DAYS WHICH SHAY AMONN AND HER ALBINIC LOVER SPENT TOGETHER. HINTS OF THEIR AFFAIR ARE RECORDED IN THE LYDINIA ENUMERATIONS; SOME NOTES WERE ALSO TRANSCRIBED BY FAHUDE IN HIS POEMS OF THE DESERT. FOR OUR PURPOSES, I WILL QUOTE THE MOST COMPREHENSIVE SOURCE OF MATERIAL REGARDING THIS PERIOD.

"And I saw the beauty Asla Shay Amonn, more man than woman, more feminine than any female, speak in accordance with the white devil.

AND IT WAS KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE ENCAMPMENT, OF HER INFATUATION. THEN I COULD NOT UNDERSTAND. NOW I AM OLDER AND I UNDERSTAND...

...EVEN LESS NOW. HOW COULD I BELIEVE MY EYES? IN THEIR OBLIVION TO ALL OTHERS IS THEIR SEEMING OBSESSION TO ESCAPE TO ARCADIA, WHICH NO LONGER STANDS. OUR WORLD AND EXISTENCE HAVE BEEN SHATTERED BEYOND ALL REPAIR, WHILE WE SPEED HEADLONG TO AN ACKNOWLEDGED END.

...THEY HELD STILL IN TIME FOR A MOMENT, AND IN THE EYES OF A FEW WERE BLESSED. I DID NOT BLESS THEM. I CURSED HIM, I REVILED HIM. I COULD NOT SEE. NOW THEY ARE BUT DUST, AND I AM OLD AND WORN OUT, AND IF I COULD SAY TO THEM NOW 'I SEE AND UNDERSTAND,' I WOULD."
(TIROT 10990)

THE TIME HAS COME TO LEAVE. HE TAKES WITH HIM NO MORE THAN HE BROUGHT.
Go in peace, my nameless and savage beastie! Take with you these gifts to speed you to the oblivion to which we all must go!
He is gone!!
WITH STEED AND ARMOR, THE ALBINIC RIDER TRAVELS NORTH INTO THE FARTHEST REACHES OF NORTH WORLD. HE HAS HEARD OF A FABLED GOLDEN CITY WHICH STILL ENDURES. PERHAPS THERE HE WILL MEET HIS ENDING.
TO BE CONTINUED...

1996
IDZ BEEN A LONG DAY ONA LOUZY PLANET..
?
I GODDA GED BACK TO "SUPER ZUP" ONA VERY NEX SHIP... FOLKS HERE GOD HARDZA STONE....
CHEEF, PIGGIN' UP DISTURBANZ VIBES IN SECTOR 01.A 947
GED OVER THERE AN' DO YER DOODY!
YOU GOD FIVE SEGUNDS TO BRAYG ID UB!
1 2 3 4 5
FEU
CHEEF, THE DIZZIDENZE BEEN RENDERED HARMLEZZ, AND WE GOD THE ORGANIZER! IDZ ALL OKAY!

NEP SIMO
VOSS 75
AN EXAMPLE OF THE "PSI" EFFECT.
NEP SIMO, A BRAIN, A COLD AND EFFECTIVE MACHINE, CONCEIVED AND BORN IN A SECRET LAB, DEEP BENEATH THE ALPS...
... A BEING BARELY HUMAN, DEVOID OF PASSIONS OR FEELINGS, A MECHANICAL ORGANISM, ENDOWED WITH PHYSICAL AND PARAPHYSICAL POWERS!
OH!
I SENSE FEAR VIBRATIONS! SOMEONE NEEDS HELP NOT FAR FROM HERE!
HELP!
I'M COMING!
7

AAAAAAAAH!
THERE'S STILL TIME!
QUICK, I MUST CONCENTRATE ALL THE ENERGY POSSIBLE...
TO PROJECT A MAGNETIC, ANTI-GRAVITATIONAL FORCE FIELD!
IT'S EASIER THAN USING A NET!
WHA? ...I'M NOT FALLING ANY-MORE!
I'M... OH!
WHAT IS IT?
LOOK!
2

OVER THERE! THEY'RE TAKING PAUL!
?
BONK! BONK!
THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WE CAN DO! IT'S AWFUL!
GRUMPH!
THEY'RE NOT HUMAN!
BIP-BIIP!
!?
OOF!
HEY, THERE!
SHOVE OFF!
BRIT...
THIS IS ALL MOST PECULIAR! AND WHO, MAY I ASK, ARE YOU?
A CLOWN!?
VESS 75
3

ME?
I WAS CHATTING WITH PAUL WHEN THOSE TWO BRUTES JUMPED IN THE WINDOW AND TOOK OFF WITH HIM, AFTER THROWING ME OVER THE EDGE!
LET'S HAVE SOME COFFEE AND YOU CAN CALM DOWN!
IT'S ALL RIGHT!
WE MUST GO TO THE POLICE!
NO! DON'T DO THAT! YOUR FRIEND WILL BE FOUND!
OOOH! IT'S HORRIBLE!
BURP!
SPIDERS! SPIDERS! THERE'RE SPIDERS EVERYWHERE!
TOO MUCH BOOZE AGAIN! HURP... ROTTEN, FILTHY SPIDERS EVERYWHERE... HIRPS!
I'M GOING TO KILL THEM ALL WITH MY CIGAR! BURP!!
AAAAH!
4

!
AAH, YOU'RE CRAZY! YOU BURNED ME! YOU DRUNK!
HE DIDN'T MEAN TO DO IT, HE'S JUST AN ALCOHOLIC...
HE'S GOT DELIRIUM TREMENS... I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!
I'M DISCONNECTING HIS IMAGINATION CENTER... SO HE CAN SLEEP!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
.....
TOC!
HE'S SLEEPING, BUT MY BREAST HURTS!
ZZZZ...
THERE! IN A FEW SECONDS YOU WON'T FEEL ANYTHING, AND TOMORROW THE WOUND WILL BE HEALED!
THAT'LL BE FIFTY CENTS
VOSS 75
5

IT'S TRUE! WHO ARE YOU!? A FAITH HEALER? A MAGICIAN? A HYPNOTIZER? OR A MESSIAH?
I'M CALLED NEP. NEP SIMO, THAT'S ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW..
NOW, LET'S THINK ABOUT GETTING YOUR FRIEND BACK. LET'S GO!
A LITTLE WHILE LATER...
WHERE ARE WE GOING?
TAXI!
MY INTUITION TELLS ME WE SHOULD GO TO THE CIRCUS!
CIRQUE du CLAIR de LUNE
PIERROT the CLOWN AND HIS EXTRAVAGANZA!
TAXI
FOL 777
THE CIRCUS, PLEASE!
CIRQUE du CLAIR de LUNE
IT'S JUST STARTED!
FRANKS with 50¢ without $1.00
6

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN !!
YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE!
GRAOW
WHAT YOU ARE ABOUT TO SEE TONIGHT...
WILL MAKE YOUR BLOOD RUN COLD!
IN JUST A MOMENT, MY LIONS WILL DEVOUR A MAN...
ATTACK AND MANGLE HIM IN THE CENTER OF THE RING!
BUT REST ASSURED, IT'S ONLY A PUPPET! DON'T BE ALARMED BY THE EXCESS OF HEMOGLOBIN!
AH! AH!
THAT'S A LIE!
HIS SKIN IS SYN-THETIC...
HIS FLESH IS COLORED GELATIN...
RAAA
YOU MONSTER!
IT'S NOT A DOLL, IT'S MY LITTLE PAUL!
BUT HIS DEATH WILL BE AS TERRIFYING...
AS THAT OF A REAL HUMAN...
VOSS 75
7

HE'S GOING TO KILL HIM!! MAKE HIM STOP!!
RELAX!
SHHH!
THIS LITTLE LAMB HAS NO IDEA WHAT'S HAPPENING TO HIM! WE'LL SNAP HIM OUT OF HIS HYPNOTIC TRANCE JUST AS WE THROW HIM TO THE WILD BEASTS!
TERRIFYING! EXCITING! BEFORE YOUR VERY EYES!
GRRO!
STOP!
THAT'S HUMAN FLESH THAT YOU'RE OFFERING TO THE PUBLIC!
TOO LATE!
CLIK!
ATTACK!
GRRH!
KO!
8

EEEK! WHAT'S HAPPENING?
MY MENTAL WAVES HAVE NO EFFECT ON THAT CLOWN! LUCKILY, HE'S POWERLESS WITHOUT HIS BEASTS!
?
GRAAAA
THEY'VE STAMPEDED! THEY'RE TURNING ON HIM!
ROARR!
THE NET!
ARGH! TOO LATE!
HE'S DEAD! HIS HAND HAS BEEN TORN OFF...
...A MECHANICAL HAND!
HUMPH!
THE HAND OF A PUPPET!!
GRAOU!
9

BUT... WHAT?... THIS CIRCUS DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE?!
YOU WERE ALMOST KILLED BY A PUPPET, A MECHANICAL JUMPING JACK!
DAMN!
WHAT A WIMP! HO HUM! WHAT A TIME TO FAINT!
I'M GOING TO ASK THE MUTANT WITH THE WEIRD NAME TO WAKE HIM UP... OH, HE'S SPLIT!
SUPER ENCORE!
BRAVO!
RAY!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ME. I WANTED TO GO AWAY WITH HIM!
VESS 75
FIN!

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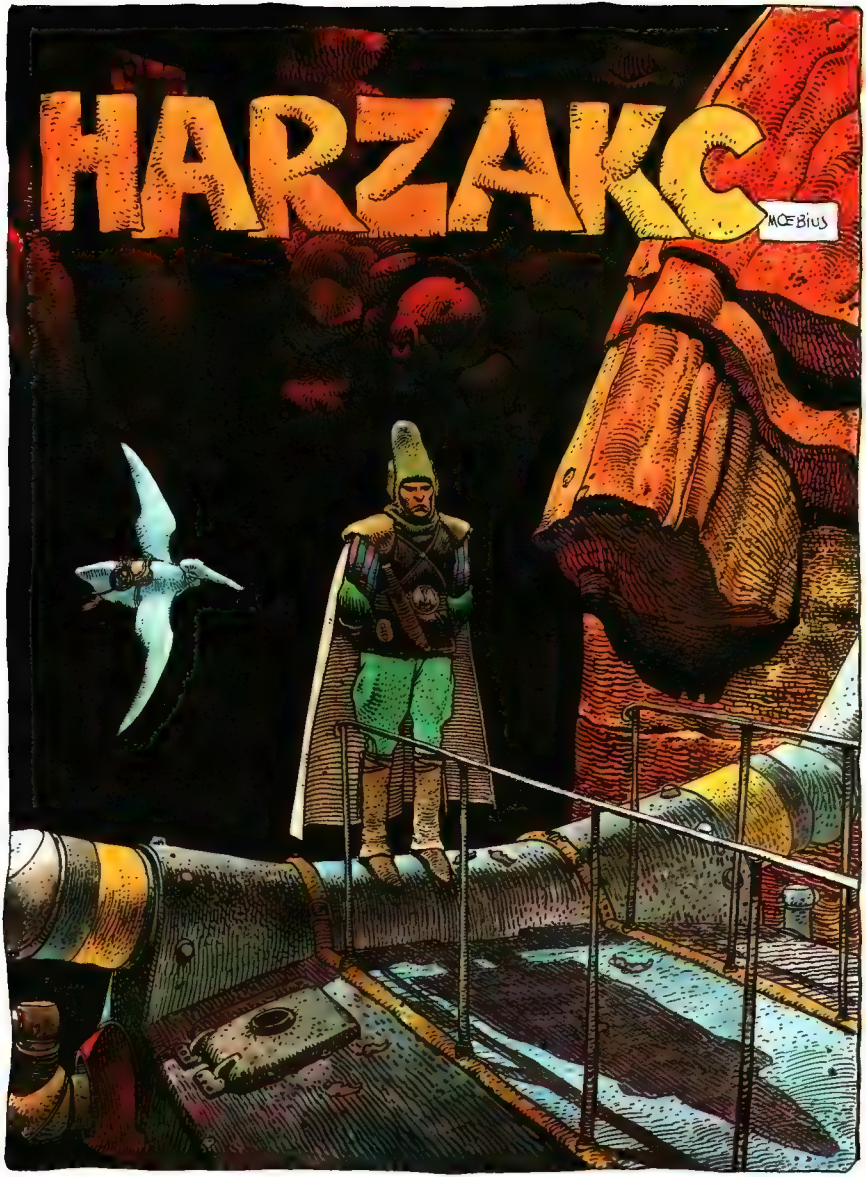
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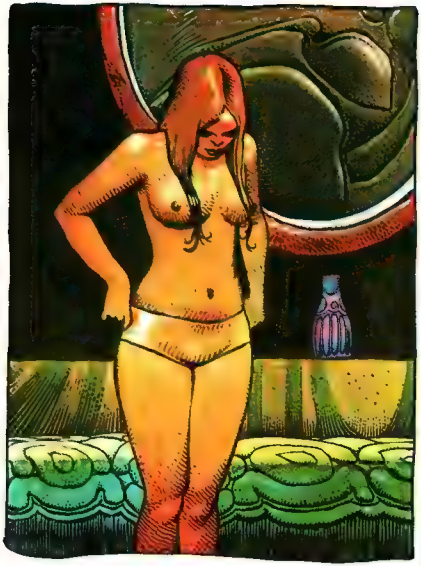


"HARZACH."

CONQUERING ARMIES

LONG AGO, CONQUERING ARMIES SET OUT TO VANQUISH THE WORLD... THEY SEEMED **INVINCIBLE** UNTIL THERE APPEARED AGAINST THEM A SIMPLE **MOUNTAIN MAN** WHO HAD BECOME A WAR CHIEF OUT OF **VENGEANCE**. HIS NAME WAS **OLRIC**.

FOR FOUR MONTHS, **OLRIC** HELD THE FIRST ARMY AT BAY. GRADUALLY, THE **REBELS** AND THE **MALCONTENTS** FROM THE NEIGHBORING LANDS GATHERED TO HIM. HE ENDED UP THINKING **HE** WAS INVULNERABLE....

...AND HE MADE THE TERRIBLE MISTAKE OF ADVANCING INTO **OPEN** COUNTRY, WELL-ARMED PROFESSIONAL **SOLDIERS** AGAINST DISORGANIZED **PEASANTS**.

THE OUTCOME OF THE BATTLE WAS **INEVITABLE**.

GOOD. LET THE CAVALRY RETURN TO THE CAMP AND TELL THE HERALD THAT I'M COMING.
BUT THE BATTLE?
THE BATTLE? IT'S OVER... YOU MAY BRING THIS OLRIC TO MY TENT. I WOULD LIKE TO SEE HIS FACE.

VERY WELL, WHAT IS IT? I AM LISTENING....
YOU MAY SPEAK WITHOUT FEAR. MY GUARDS ARE DEVOTED TO ME.
IT HAS COME TO PASS AS WAS FORE-SEEN: THAT RECENT BLUNDER OF THEIRS HAS PLAYED IN OUR FAVOR. AND THERE IS BETTER STILL....
DON'T KEEP ME ON TEN-TERHOOKS....
SOGAR IS WITH US.
SOGAR! THEN OUR TROUBLES ARE OVER! WITHIN A FORTNIGHT, THE CONQUEROR WILL BE DEAD, AND I WILL ASSUME THE THRONE!

MEANWHILE...
SILON! SILON!
YOU MUST RETURN TO THE VILLAGE YOUR FATHER IS DEAD....
SILON!
DON'T LET THEM COME NEAR YOU. THEY HAVE THE PLAGUE....
GO ON!

NO!
LET HIM.... HE HAS CHOSEN TO JOIN THEM. HE WILL DIE WITH THEM.

THIS IS OLRIC, COMMANDER.
I TOLD YOU I WANTED HIM ALIVE!
WE DID WHAT WE COULD, MY LORD...
I KNOW, BUT THE ORDERS OF THE CONQUEROR WERE EXPLICIT: HE WILL BE VERY ANGRY.
MY LORD...

GO, CALM YOURSELF... I AM PLEASED. I WILL TAKE THE RESPONSIBILITY.
OH, MY LORD, THANK YOU!
YOU ARE REALLY LIKE A FATHER TO THEM.
STRING UP THE BODIES OF THE REBELS TO A HORSE AND FOLD UP THE TENTS!
YOU SEE, SOMEONE IS UP THERE, WATCHING US...
YES, IT MUST BE A SHEPHERD.

STAY AWAY!
SHE IS MY SISTER....
SHE IS BURNT. SHE MUST BE TAKEN CARE OF....
GO AWAY!
YES, GET OUT!
GO!
TAKE THE SICK GIRL AWAY!
GET AWAY!

AN ARMY....
LITTLE SISTER, YOU ARE SAVED! THERE MUST BE A DOCTOR AMONGST THEM.
WE'LL GO DOWN WHEN THE NIGHT FALLS.

DON'T MOVE OR YOU ARE DEAD...
DON'T CRY OUT. I DON'T WISH TO HARM YOU. I ONLY WANT YOU TO MAKE A DOCTOR COME HERE TO TAKE CARE OF MY SISTER, WHO IS WRAPPED UP IN THOSE SHEETS.
GENTLY, SHEPHERD. I AM NOT A BEAST AND I WILL HELP THE CHILD. WHAT IS WRONG WITH HER?
THE PEOPLE OF MY VILLAGE WANTED TO BURN HER WITH THE REST OF MY FAMILY, BECAUSE MY FATHER HAD THE PLAGUE AND...
POOR FOOL!
GUARDS!

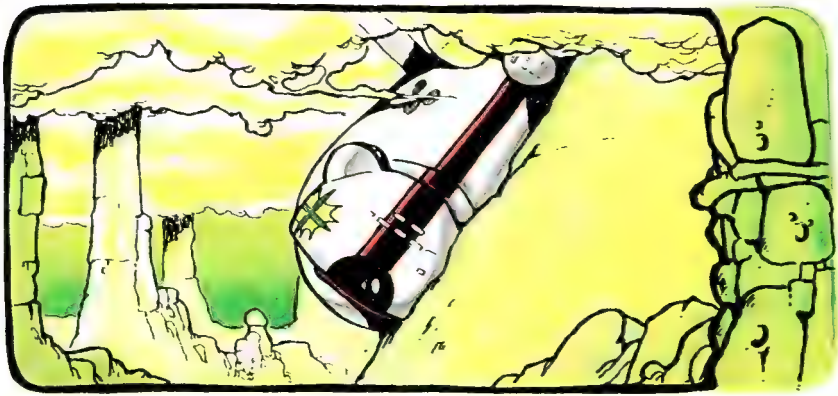
COMMANDER? WHAT...
ENOUGH! IS THIS THE WAY YOU GUARD ME? ANYONE COULD ENTER MY TENT TO KILL ME!
PARDON US, MY LORD, WE WERE CELEBRATING THE VICTORY.
YOU WERE CELEBRATING VICTORY, WHILE A FANATIC GOT INTO MY TENT SO THAT I COULD TAKE CARE OF HIS SISTER WHO HAS THE PLAGUE!
RETURN TO YOUR DUTY! ARE YOU MAD?
THE PLAGUE!

GET BACK, I TELL YOU. WHAT...
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
THE PLAGUE...
THE PLAGUE! THE PLAGUE! BRING WOOD AND TORCHES!
YOU WOULD NOT DARE! I AM YOUR LEADER!
GET BACK, INSIDE, COMMANDER...
FIN

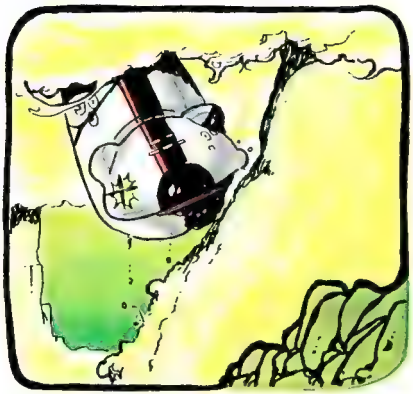
SUNPOT

CHAPTER 5

THE HUGE THROBBING SUNPOT LAYS ON VENUS LIKE A GIANT PENIS WAITING FOR ITS ANTI-CLIMACTIC WITHDRAWAL (SUNPOT, IF YOU RECALL, HAS ALREADY EJACULATED THE CAUSE OF ITS IMPASSIONED DISTRESS)...



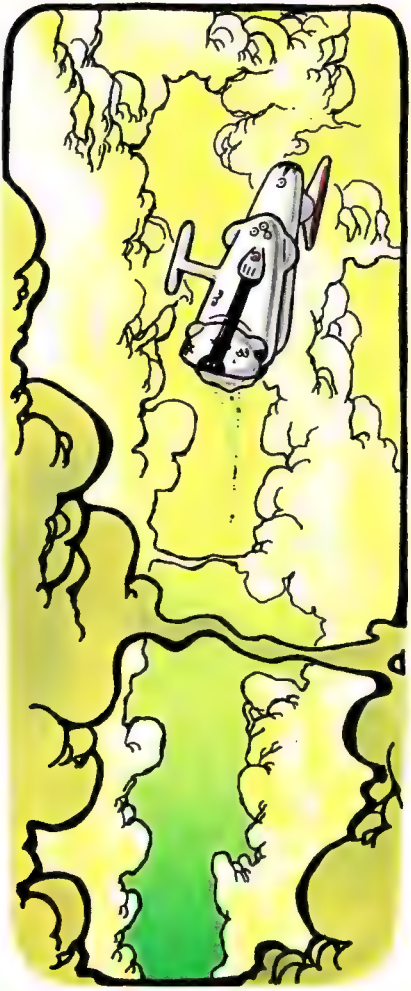
THE GYRO-BLOCK IS SET RIGHT AGAIN.. THE POWER FACTORY BEGINS SENDING.. CREAKING AND GROANING LIKE A TIRED STUD, THE SUNPOT PLANET PULLS OFF OUR LUSCIOUS SISTER WORLD..

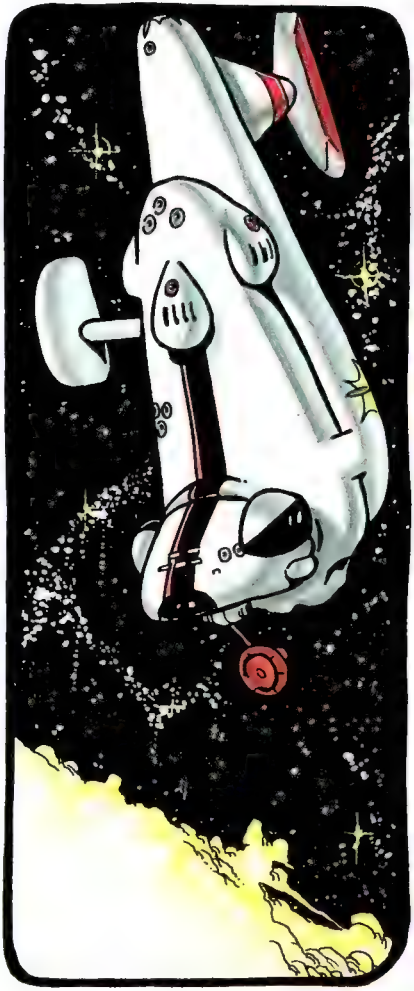


SUNPOT GLIDES GIDDY-FREE OF THE SUMPTUOUS LOOMING DUNES.. THE SUNPOT BEGINS ITS ASCENT AWAY FROM THE SOFT HOT-SAND OF DEVIRGINIZED VENUS...

THE GREAT SUNPOT PLANET IS DENTED A LITTLE HERE AND THERE, BUT IT WEARS ITS LOVE SCARS WITH SUAVE, MAJESTIC INDIFFERENCE.. SUNPOT CLIMBS UP THROUGH GOSSAMER OCEANS OF CLOUDS..

BY AFTERNOON, THE SUNPOT IS HANGING IN SPACE.. IT HANGS COOL AND CRIMSON HIGH ABOVE ITS WHITE CONQUEST, LIKE THE SPENT, SPARTAN MASTER OF AN ATHENEAN WHORE....





DR. ELECTRIC STARTS SCOFFING
HOW 'BOUT DAT, BELINDA TITS, THE ENGINEERS SAY, "ONLY MINOR STRUCTURAL DAMAGE."
AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY
WE'LL BE READY FOR DEEP-SPACE TESTS WITHIN A WEEK, PUSSY CAT DUMPLINS..
I HAVE TO ADMIT IT, YOU CUDDLY, ELECTRIC PYTHON, YOU DO HAVE A HELL OF A SHIP..
HOW'S ABOUT YOU AN ME GOIN' UP TO MY APARTMENTS FOR A LITTLE DRINK AN STUFF...
YOUR ELECTRIC SYNTHETIC ORGANS NEVER HAVE ANY STRUCTURAL DAMAGE...
AHH, DR. BUTTER PRANCH, HEAD OF OUR ENVIRONMENTAL CONTROL DEPARTMENT...
HEAD OF NOTHING, YOU WORMY, BACK-STABBING PIRATE!

I TOLD YOU EVEN BEFORE WE LEFT DA MOON THAT OUR AIR SYSTEM SUCKED!!

WATCH YER MOUTH IN FRONT OF THE LADY, OR I'LL TELL HER TO KILL YOU..

WILL YOU LISTEN, YOU TIN MAGGOT! THE STINKING AIR ON DIS GOD-DAMN SHIP IS TOTALLY POLLUTED! THERE'S SMOG IN THE WHEEL HOUSE!!!

IF WE DON'T HEAD BACK FOR EARTH AN CLEAN UP OUR AIR SYSTEM, WE'RE ALL DOOMED!

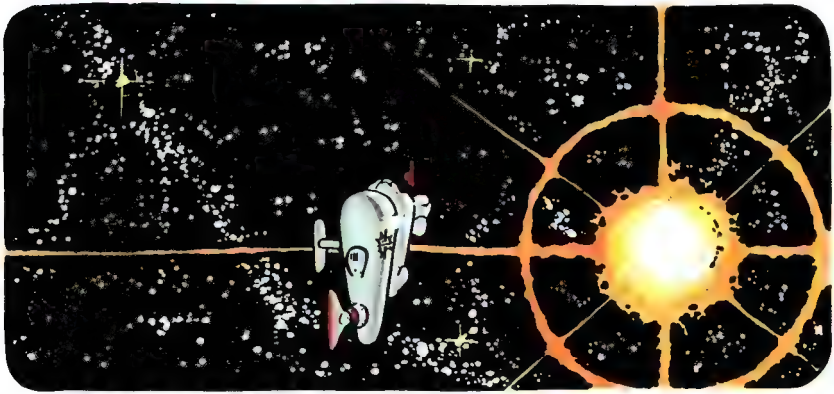
TISK, TISK, BUTTER PAUNCH, I'VE HEARD MORE ORIGINAL PROPHETS OF DOOM DEN YOU..

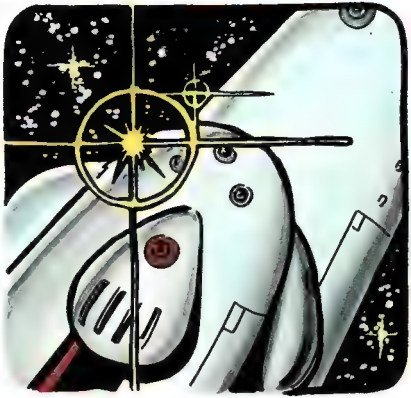
YOU FOOL, DR. ELECTRIC!.. WITHIN ONE MONTH EVERYTHING ON THIS SHIP WILL BE DEAD!

YOU NOT GOING TO HAVE TO WAIT THAT LONG... SHOOT THE BASTARD, BELINDA..

CHAPTER 6

THERE IS A NEW PLANET IN THE WARM FOREVERNESS OF SPACE BEYOND VENUS TOWARD THE SOLAR FURNACE, THERE IS A GREAT STEEL PHALIC MOUNTAIN ORBITING AS QUIET AS DUST IN THE NOONDAY RAYS..

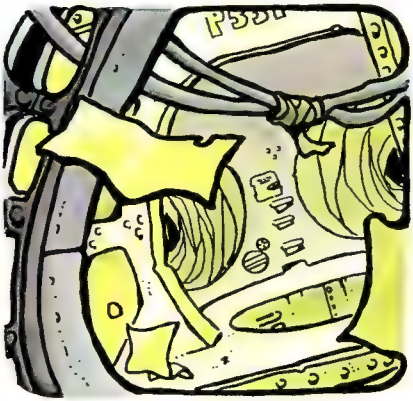




THE NEW PLANET'S UPNESS OR DOWNESS DOESN'T MATTER, BUT ITS COMPLETE SILENCE DOES... WE GLIDE IN, POWERED BY CELLS OF DREADFUL CURIOSITY...

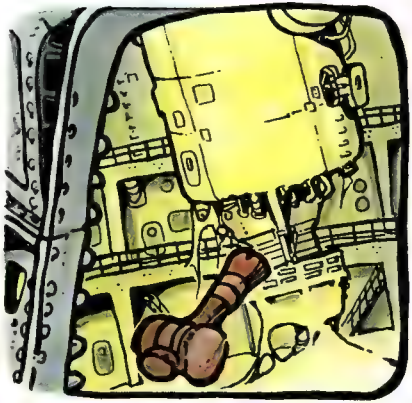
THE PLANET'S HULL GLANCES SUNBURSTS OFF TOWARD CRYSTAL COLD.. THE PLANET IS SLOWLY REVOLVING ABOUT ITS OWN AXIS LIKE A TIRED EASTER ISLAND SOUL...

WE LOOK AND FONDLE FOR A HATCH.. IT IS OPEN LIKE THE MOUTH OF THE NEW PLANET'S SECRET SILENCE.. WE GLIDE DOWN WEIGHTLESS, WANDERING CORRIDORS OF SOUNDLESSNESS...



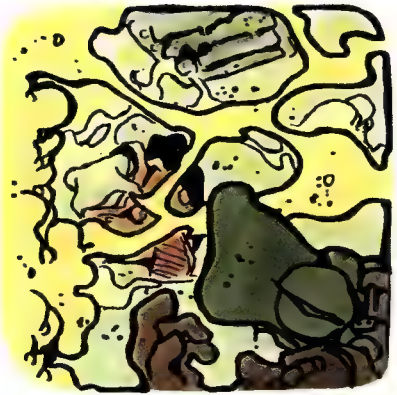
HERE IS A TUMBLE OF SLOW-ORBITING DEBRIS, BOXES, TOOLS, SAND, PIECES, AND A SCREW OR TWO.. THE AWFUL AIR IS THICK, SICK, YELLOW WITH CURLS OF CLOUDY SMOG...

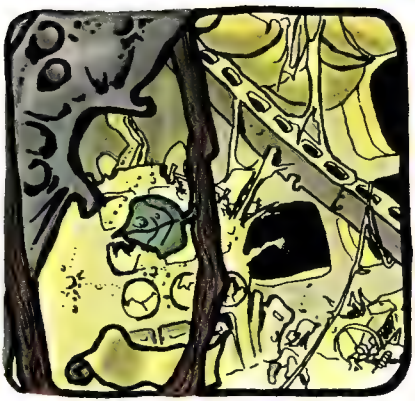
DOWN INTO TURNING TUNNELS OF SOFT-SOUNDED, DEAD AND BUMPING NOTHINGS.. SOME LIZARDS FLOAT IN A GROTESQUE BALLET PLAYED TO AN AUDIENCE OF JUNK...



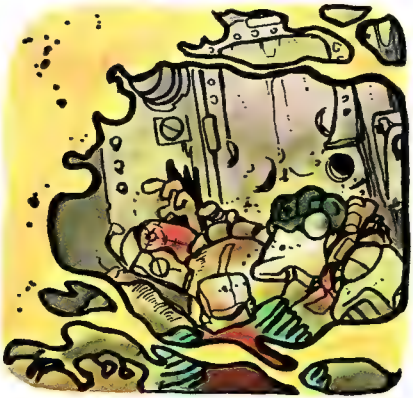
THE POWER PLACE IS SILENT AS A ROCK DOWN A DEEP WELL OF SAND.. THE SPARKLING MACHINERY DOESN'T SPARKLE UNDER A GREASY SHROUD OF DIRTY, GRITTY DUST...

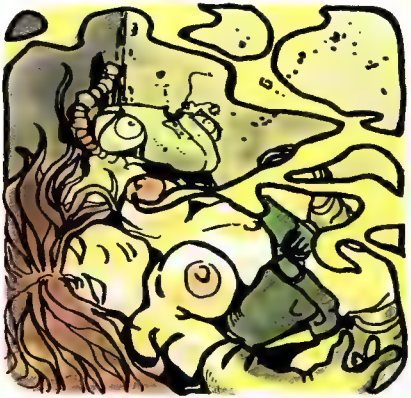
AIR FILTERS ARE CLOGGED, BUT COME ON ANYWAY TRYING TO PUMP POLLUTION ON POLLUTION...THE SLIGHT CURRENTS ROLL AND SHAPE LITTLE YELLOW CUMULUS AND WAFTS IT OVER DEAD HEADS...





THE CONTROL HOUSE IS TORN AND BATTERED...THERE WAS A FIGHT HERE... MAYBE A REVOLUTION...THE NEW PLANET WAS ALWAYS RIFT WITH INTENSE INTERNAL STRIFE...

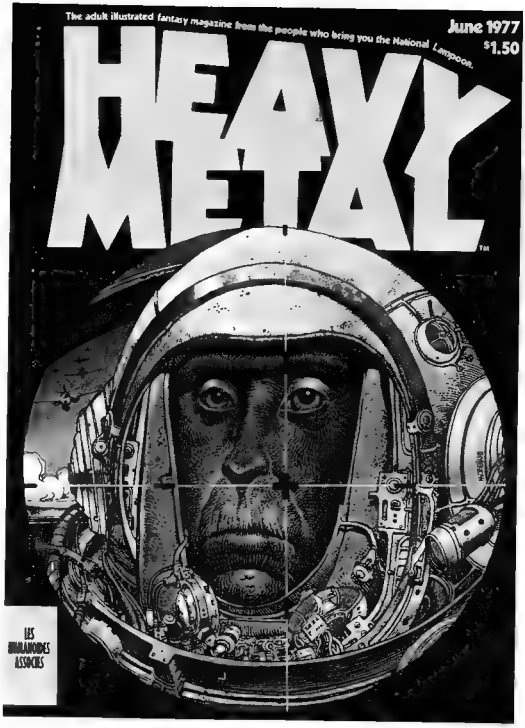




BUT, THERE IS A SEALED ROOM!.. DOCTOR ELECTRIC'S BASTION AGAINST POLLUTED ENDS.. NOTHING LIVES OUTSIDE THE SHUT DOOR... PERHAPS GENIUS DR. ELECTRIC AND BELINDA BUMP HAVE SINGULAR HOPE!!...

...INSIDE ON THE FLOOR . . . , SICK YELLOW SMOG IS A ROLL..BELINDA BUMP IS A LIFELESS THING WITH NO MORE THOUGHTS... AND DR. ELECTRIC...HIS DILATED EYES ARE FOREVER FIXED ON THE STARS...

..SUNPOT iS DEAD.
THE END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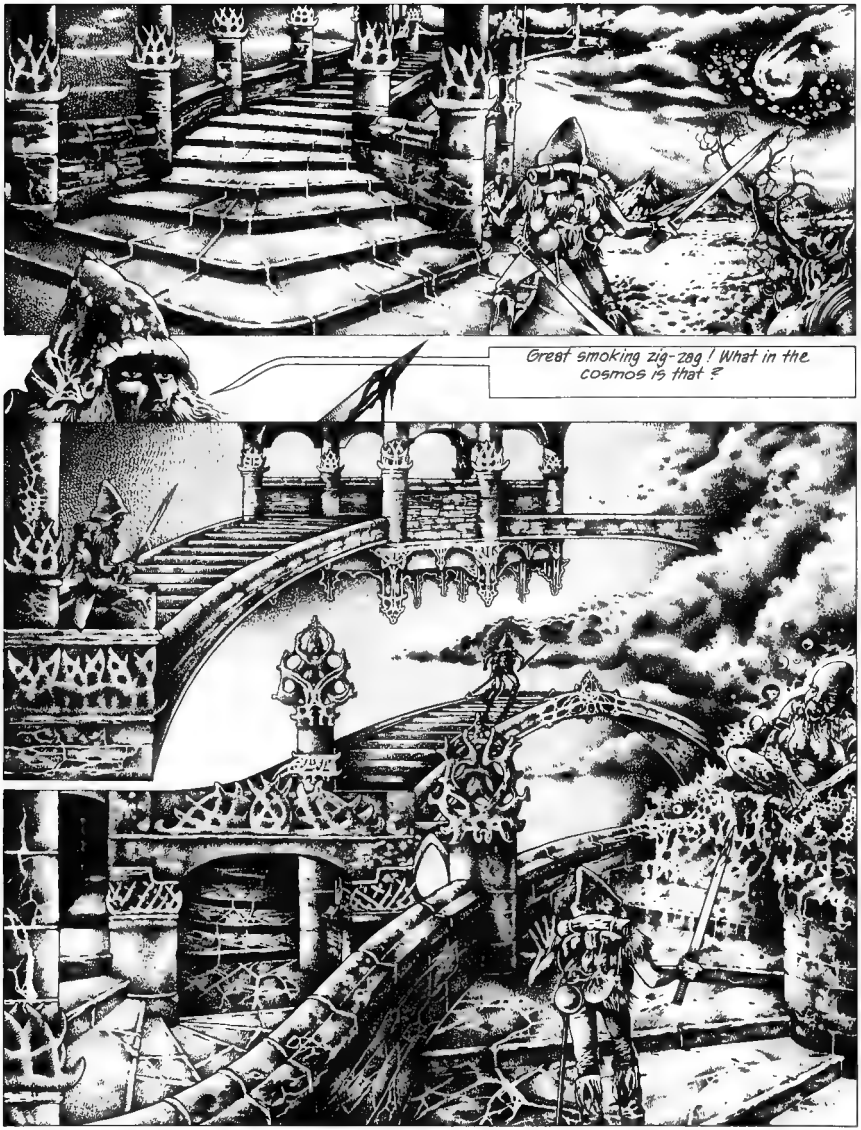
Text: P. Druillet Art: S. Bihannic
The Golden Queen
A BORDER BALLAD
This whole place smells like shit!

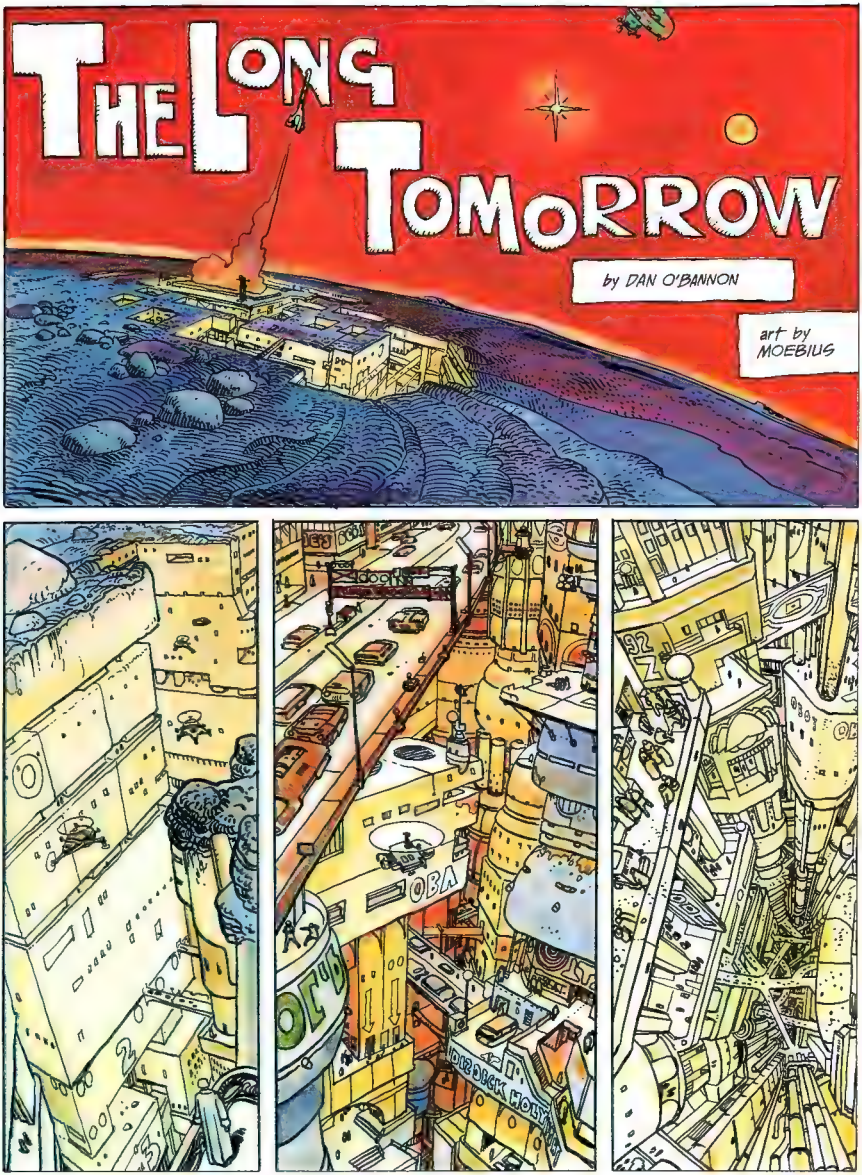
What do you think you're doing here, you bastard ?
Looking for a place to eat and sleep, oh noble garbage-mouth....
You are in the realm of the Golden Queen, and no one has the right to cross our frontiers !
I don't give a damn about your Golden Queen, you lump of crap. I only want some place to sleep.
Then you must want to die !

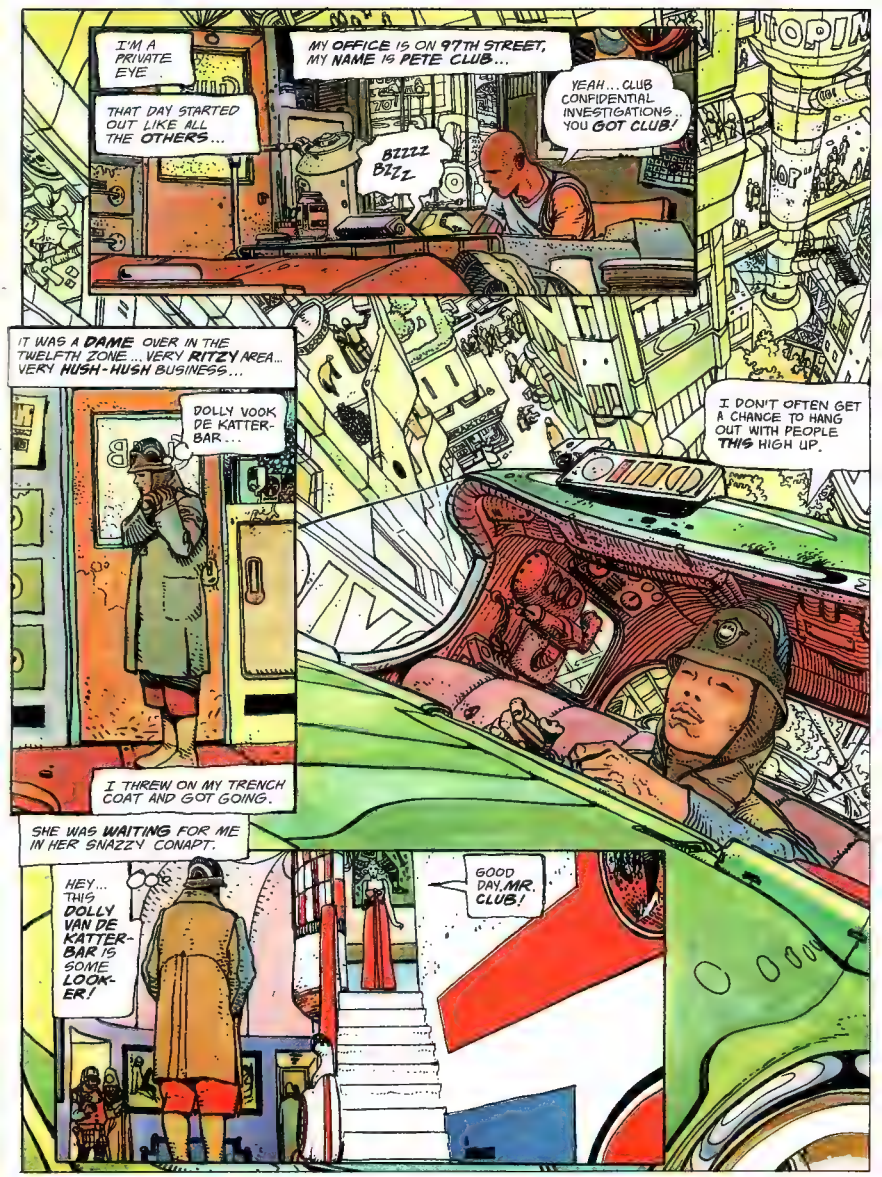
Hurath bids you a fond fare-well!
The Golden Queen will punish ..!
Stupid asshole!
See there, the stair-case to her domain!

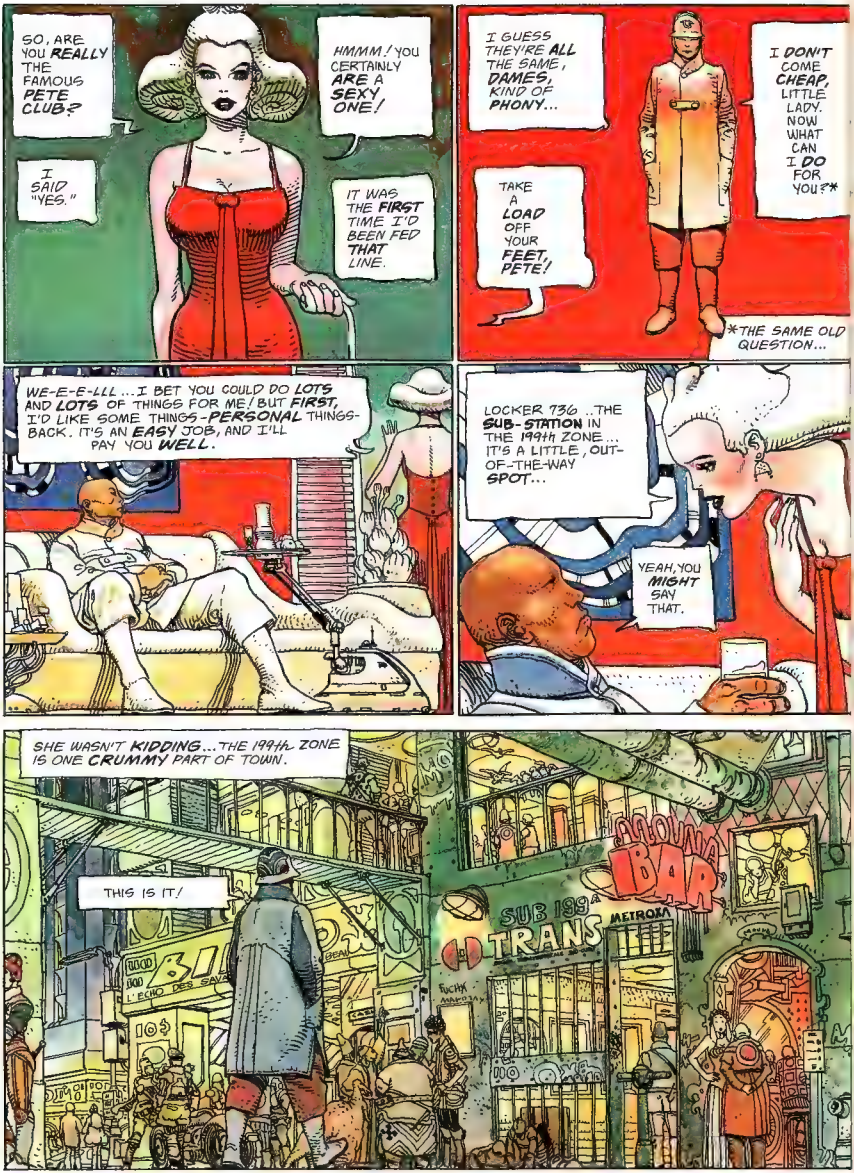

Great smoking zig-zag! What in the cosmos is that?

I am the Golden Queen Answer my three sacred questions and you may live!
Go shove your questions!
Wh... what? By the gods, you get back here!
Come back here or I'll kill you, you creep!
You insolent cur, you dare to insult the Golden Queen and refuse to fear her magic? I shall crush you!
HEE! HEE!

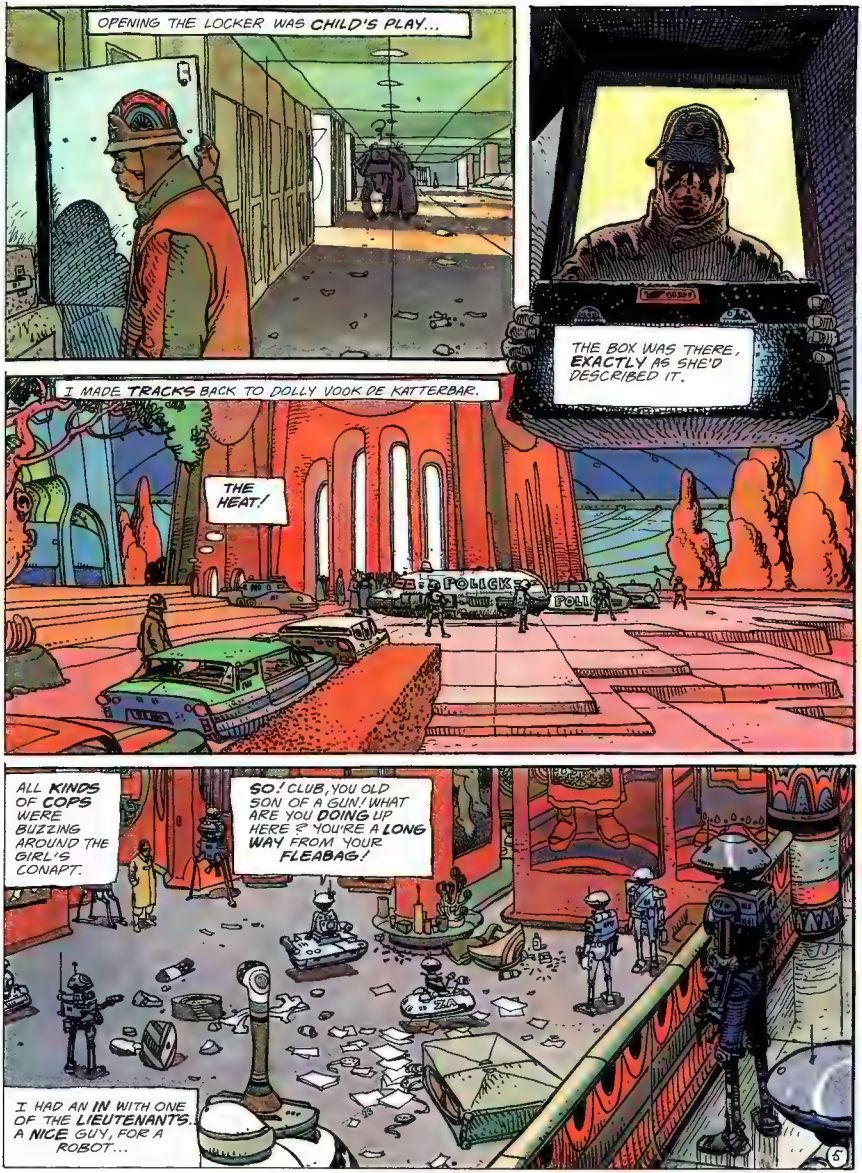
Take that, you bitch!
Ha! Ha! Ha! The deadly spit of Hurath is just too much for all the girls!
AAAUUUGGHH!
Strange how these foreign creatures tend to liquidize! But I like to help them on with it!
After all this, my dinner will be cold! Well, onward and upward!


THE LONG TOMORROW
by DAN O'BANNON
art by MOEBIUS

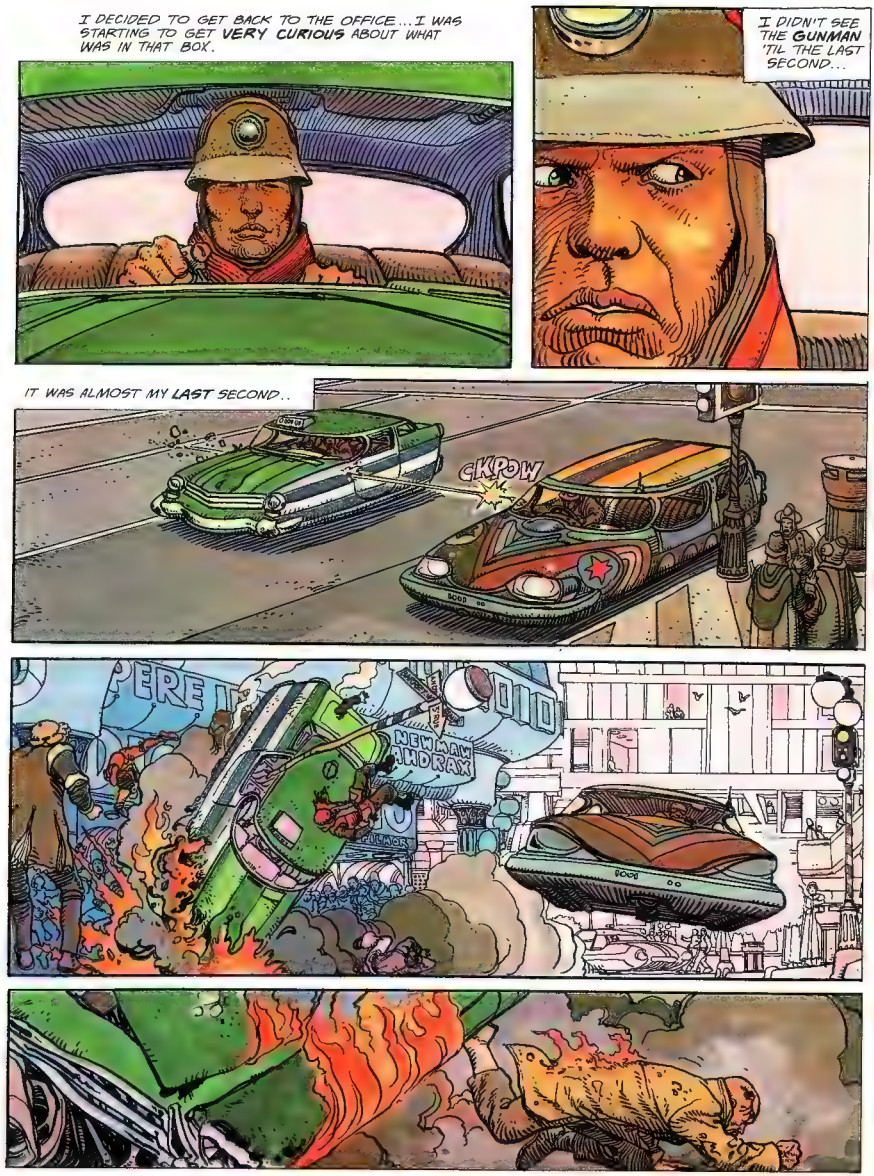

I'M A PRIVATE EYE
THAT DAY STARTED OUT LIKE ALL THE OTHERS...
MY OFFICE IS ON 97TH STREET, MY NAME IS PETE CLUB...
BZZZZ BZZZ
YEAH... CLUB CONFIDENTIAL INVESTIGATIONS.. YOU GOT CLUB.
IT WAS A DAME OVER IN THE TWELFTH ZONE... VERY RITZY AREA... VERY HUSH-HUSH BUSINESS...
DOLLY VOOK DE KATTER-BAR...
I DON'T OFTEN GET A CHANCE TO HANG OUT WITH PEOPLE THIS HIGH UP.
I THREW ON MY TRENCH COAT AND GOT GOING.
SHE WAS WAITING FOR ME IN HER SNAZZY CONAPT.
HEY... THIS DOLLY VAN DE KATTER-BAR IS SOME LOOK-ER!
GOOD DAY, MR. CLUB!

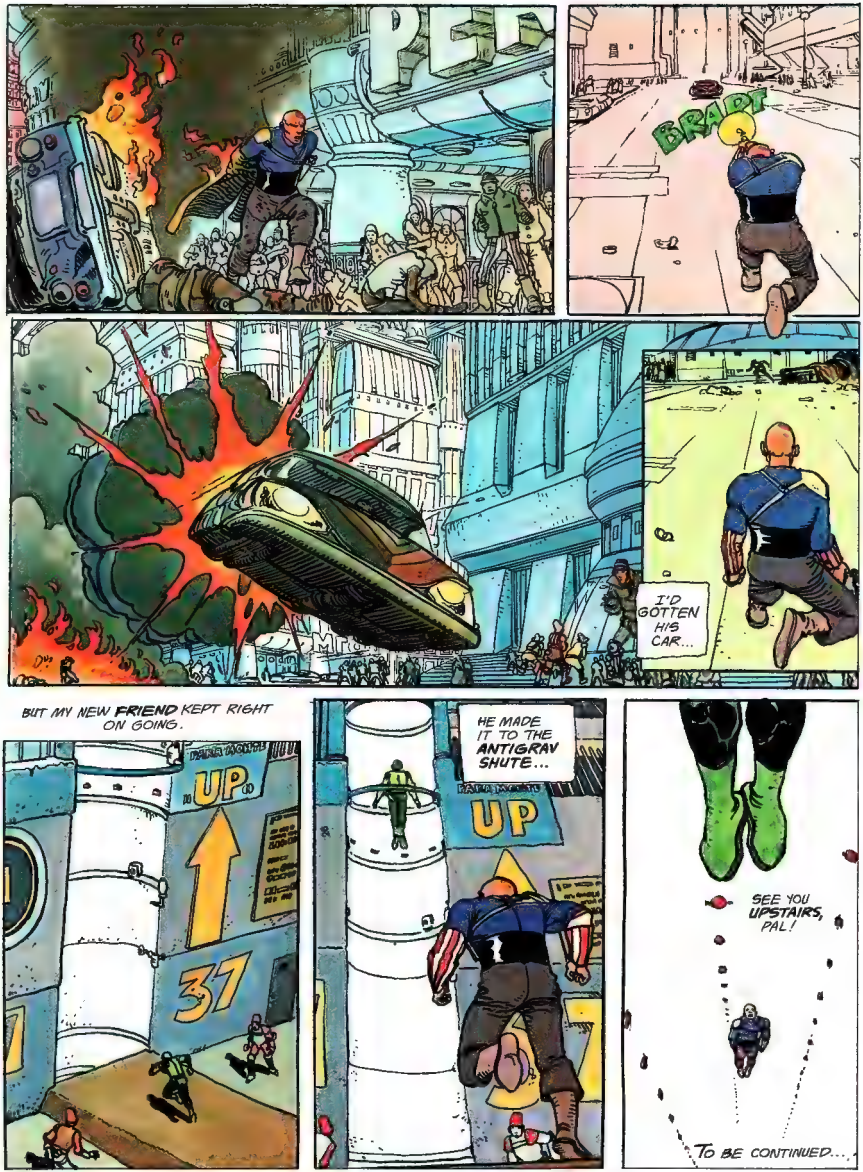

SO, ARE YOU REALLY THE FAMOUS PETE CLUB?
I SAID "YES."
HMMM! YOU CERTAINLY ARE A SEXY ONE!
IT WAS THE FIRST TIME I'D BEEN FED THAT LINE.
I GUESS THEY'RE ALL THE SAME, DAMES, KIND OF PHONY...
TAKE A LOAD OFF YOUR FEET, PETE!
I DON'T COME CHEAP, LITTLE LADY. NOW WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?*
*THE SAME OLD QUESTION...
WE-E-E-LLL ...I BET YOU COULD DO LOTS AND LOTS OF THINGS FOR ME! BUT FIRST, I'D LIKE SOME THINGS-PERSONAL THINGS-BACK. IT'S AN EASY JOB, AND I'LL PAY YOU WELL.
LOCKER 736 ..THE SUB-STATION IN THE 199th ZONE... IT'S A LITTLE, OUT-OF-THE-WAY SPOT...
YEAH, YOU MIGHT SAY THAT.
SHE WASN'T KIDDING...THE 199th ZONE IS ONE CRUMMY PART OF TOWN.
THIS IS IT!
SUB 199th
TRANS
METROXA
BAR

711
Z
G.
VASY POLO!
QUIVER SHIVS !!!
BRGZZZZZ
FRZUZZZZZ
CUTE LITTLE THINGS--THEY CAN SLICE STEEL LIKE BUTTER!
JUST THE KIND OF RUN-IN YOUD EXPECT IN A LOUSY NEIGHBOR-HOOD...
BRGG


OPENING THE LOCKER WAS CHILD'S PLAY...
THE BOX WAS THERE, EXACTLY AS SHE'D DESCRIBED IT.
I MADE TRACKS BACK TO DOLLY VOOK DE KATTERBAR.
THE HEAT!
POLICE
ALL KINDS OF COPS WERE BUZZING AROUND THE GIRL'S CONAPT.
SO! CLUB, YOU OLD SON OF A GUN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP HERE? YOU'RE A LONG WAY FROM YOUR FLEABAG!
I HAD AN IN WITH ONE OF THE LIEUTENANTS. A NICE GUY, FOR A ROBOT...
5

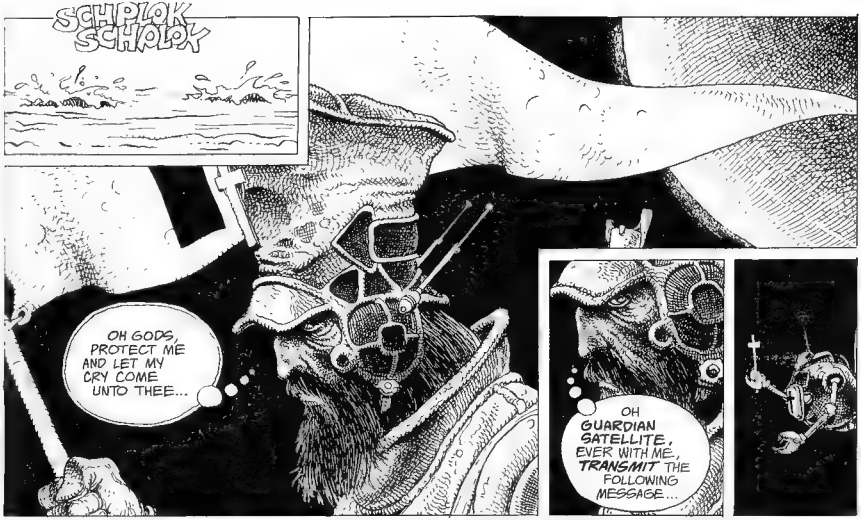
IT WAS HER, ALL RIGHT. SHE WAS IN BAD SHAPE.
DIS-GUSTING!
THE WORK OF A SPECIALIST!
MY MIND WAS A BLANK.
PETE... THERE'S AN ARCTURIAN SPY IN TOWN. WE'VE KEPT IT OUT OF THE MEDIA TO AVOID A PANIC.
POLICK 7
WHAT? AN ARCTURIAN SPY!? BUT... HOW DID HE GET THROUGH THE ORBITAL DEFENSE FIELD?
A MYSTERY... BUT WE DO KNOW WHAT HE CAME HERE FOR... AND BY NOW, HE'S GOT IT...
OH, YEAH... WHAT'S THAT?
THE MAJOR'S BRAIN!
OH, YES!
IT HAD TO HAPPEN SOME DAY.
BUT I SAW THE MAJOR THIS MORNING, AT THE BLOOD BANK!
THAT WAS AN ANDROID-DOUBLE, PETE... WE'RE IN DEEP SHIT... WE HAVE TO GET THE MAJOR'S BRAIN BACK BEFORE THE ARCTURIANS START MESSING AROUND WITH IT.
AND THE GIRL... HOW DID SHE GET MIXED UP IN THIS?
THE MAJOR WAS CRAZY ABOUT HER. HE TOLD HER EVERY-THING. HE TOLD HER TOO MUCH.
I GET A KICK OUT OF TALKING TO ROBOTCOPS!


I DECIDED TO GET BACK TO THE OFFICE... I WAS STARTING TO GET VERY CURIOUS ABOUT WHAT WAS IN THAT BOX.
I DIDN'T SEE THE GUNMAN 'TIL THE LAST SECOND...
IT WAS ALMOST MY LAST SECOND..
CKROW
NEWMAN ANDRAX

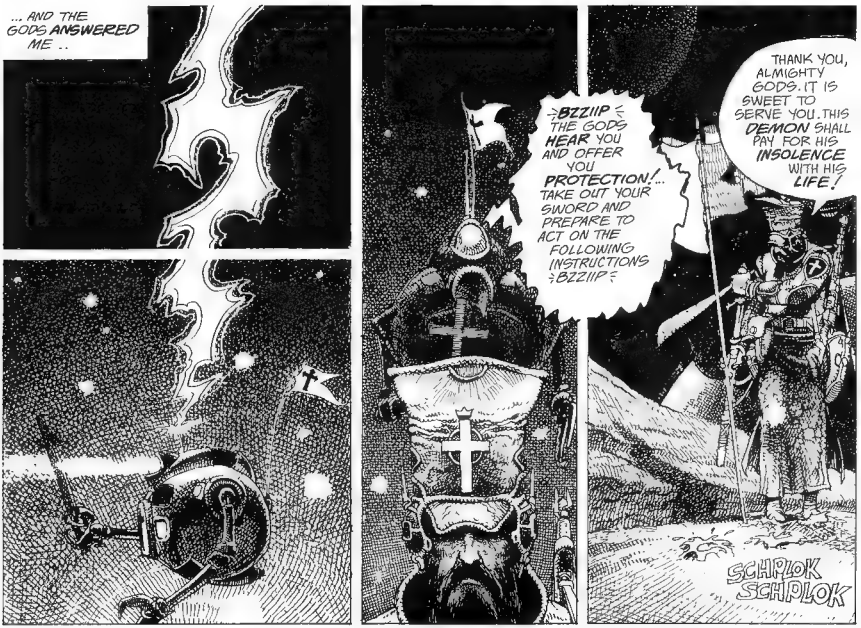

PEEP
BRAPT
I'D GOTTEN HIS CAR...
BUT MY NEW FRIEND KEPT RIGHT ON GOING.
UP
37
HE MADE IT TO THE ANTI/GRAV SHUTE...
UP
SEE YOU UPSTAIRS, PAL!
TO BE CONTINUED...

CROSSROADS OF THE UNIVERSE

SCHPLOK
SCHPLOK
GOOD GODS, THAT IT SHOULD COME TO THIS! I WAS TRAPPED, TRAPPED LIKE A RAT, AND WHAT'S MORE, ON A PAGAN WORLD... LIKE ALL THE BROTHERS OF THE EVANGELICAL ORDER OF THE UNIVERSAL CROSS, I WAS TRAPPED, I, GORAAN VIII, GALACTIC HIGH PRIEST, BY THE GODS ALONE KNOW WHAT HEATHEN DEMONS... I HAD COME AMONGST THEM, I COULD FEEL THEM BEFORE ME.... MY BURDEN WENT BEFORE ME, AND LED ME INEXORABLY ALONG THE FOUL ROAD, AND ALWAYS IT SEEMED .. THAT THE GODS WOULD PROTECT ME!...

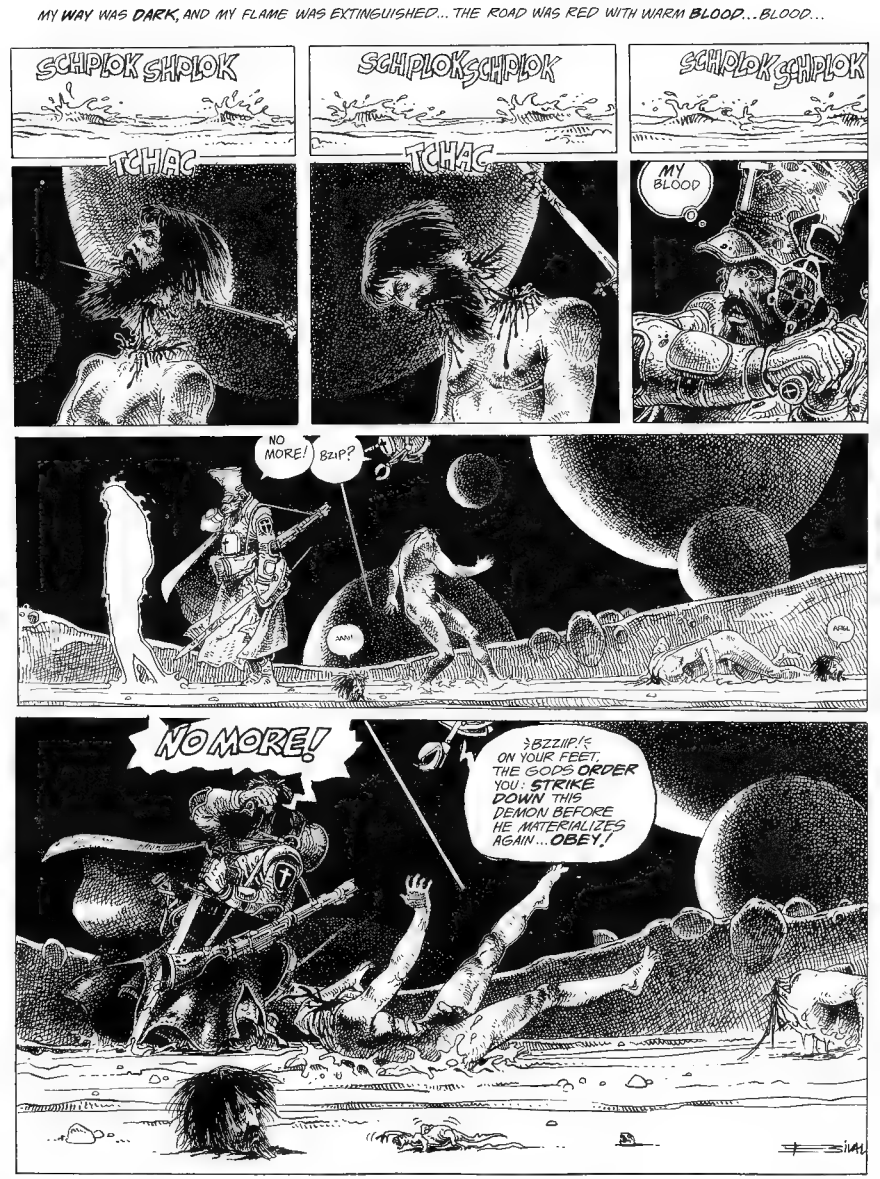

SCHPLOK SCHPLOK
OH GODS, PROTECT ME AND LET MY CRY COME UNTO THEE...
OH GUARDIAN SATELLITE, EVER WITH ME, TRANSMIT THE FOLLOWING MESSAGE...

THUS, I OFFERED MY MOST FERVENT PRAYERS, MY HUMBLE THOUGHTS, TO THE GODS, WORLD WITHOUT END...

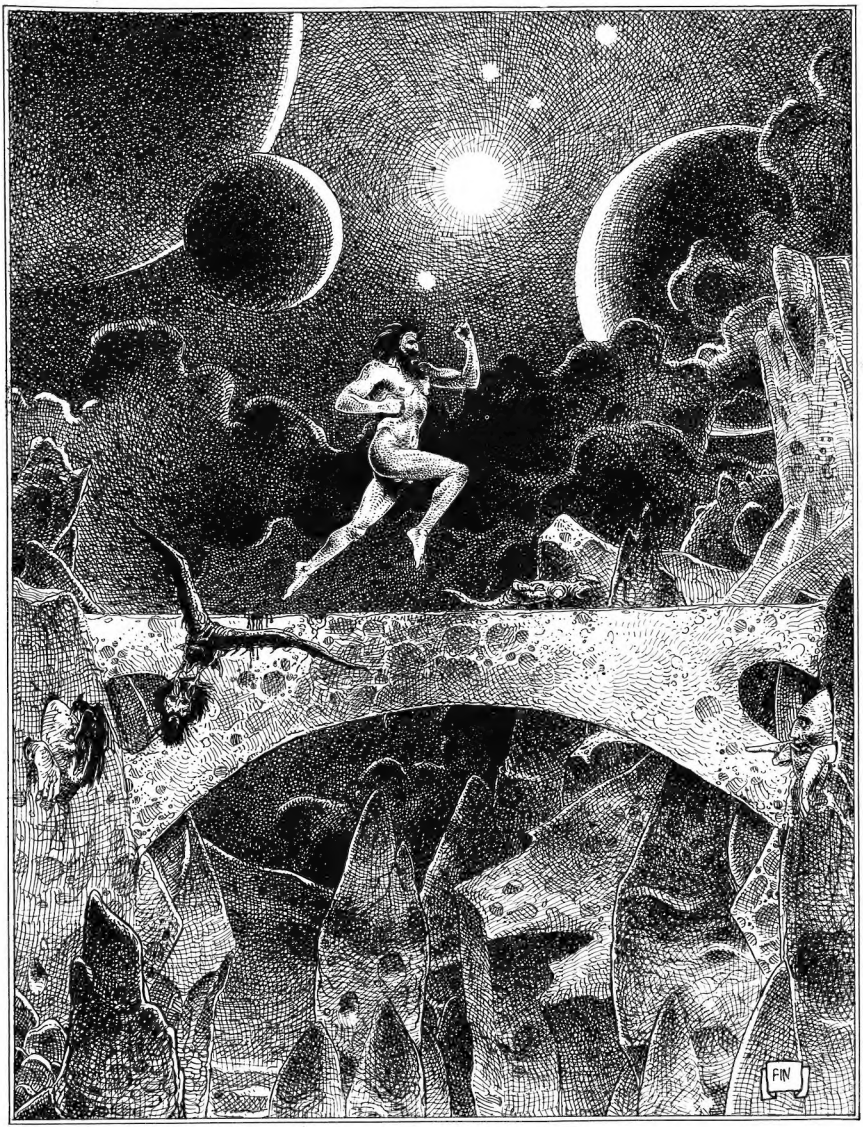

... AND THE GODS ANSWERED ME ..
=BZZIIP= THE GODS HEAR YOU AND OFFER YOU PROTECTION!... TAKE OUT YOUR SWORD AND PREPARE TO ACT ON THE FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS =BZZIIP=
THANK YOU, ALMIGHTY GODS. IT IS SWEET TO SERVE YOU. THIS DEMON SHALL PAY FOR HIS INSOLENCE WITH HIS LIFE!
SCHPLOK SCHPLOK

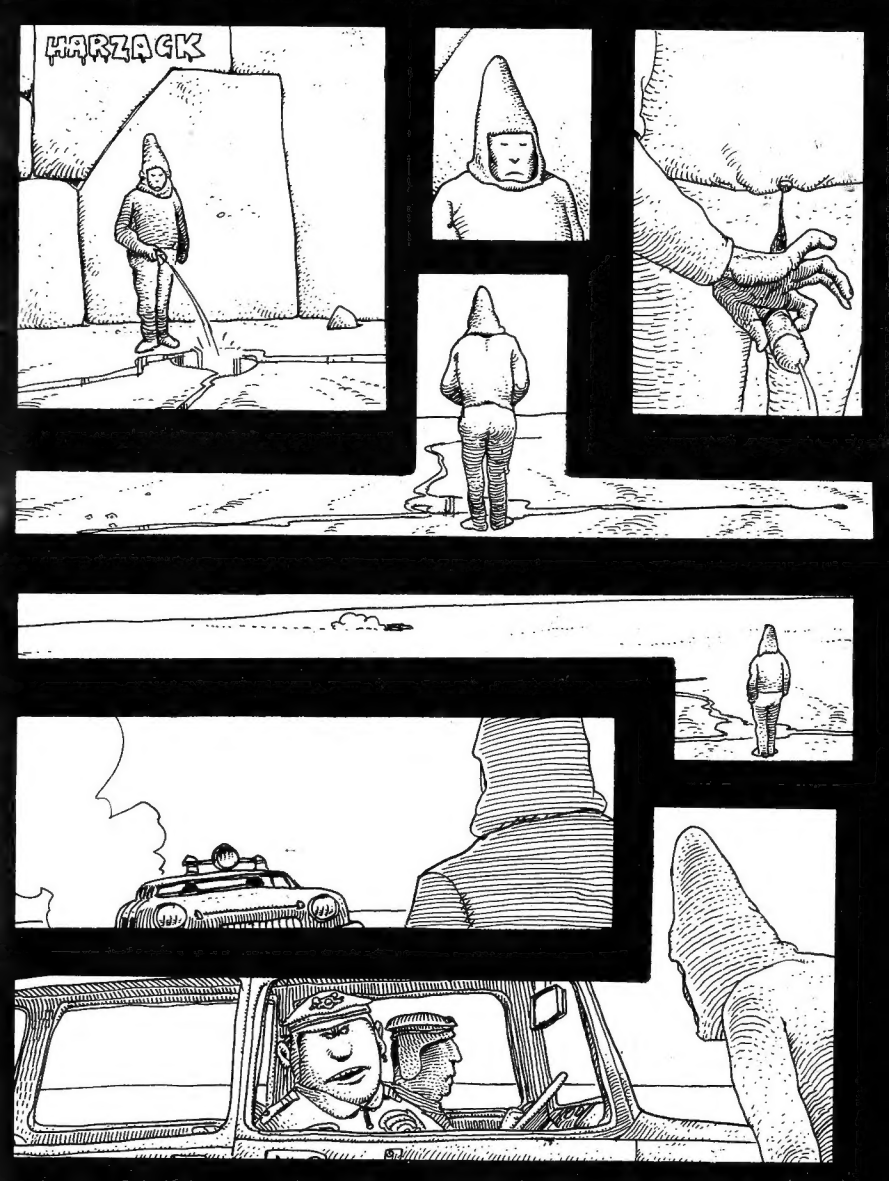
DJM
;BZZIIP< HE IS YOURS NOW! THE POWER OF THE GODS IS INFINITE ..
;BZZIIP<...
BASTARD, I'D LIKE TO ..
OH, BASTARD, YOURSELF
AUTHOR'S NOTE: ONE DAY, THE GODS WILLING, I WILL TELL YOU THE STORY OF THESE TWO BLUES, IMMURED FOR LIFE...
AND INFINITE IS MY DEVOTION... HA HA HA! FACELESS DEMON, YOUR PUNISHMENT SHALL SERVE AS AN EXAMPLE!
TCHAC
!

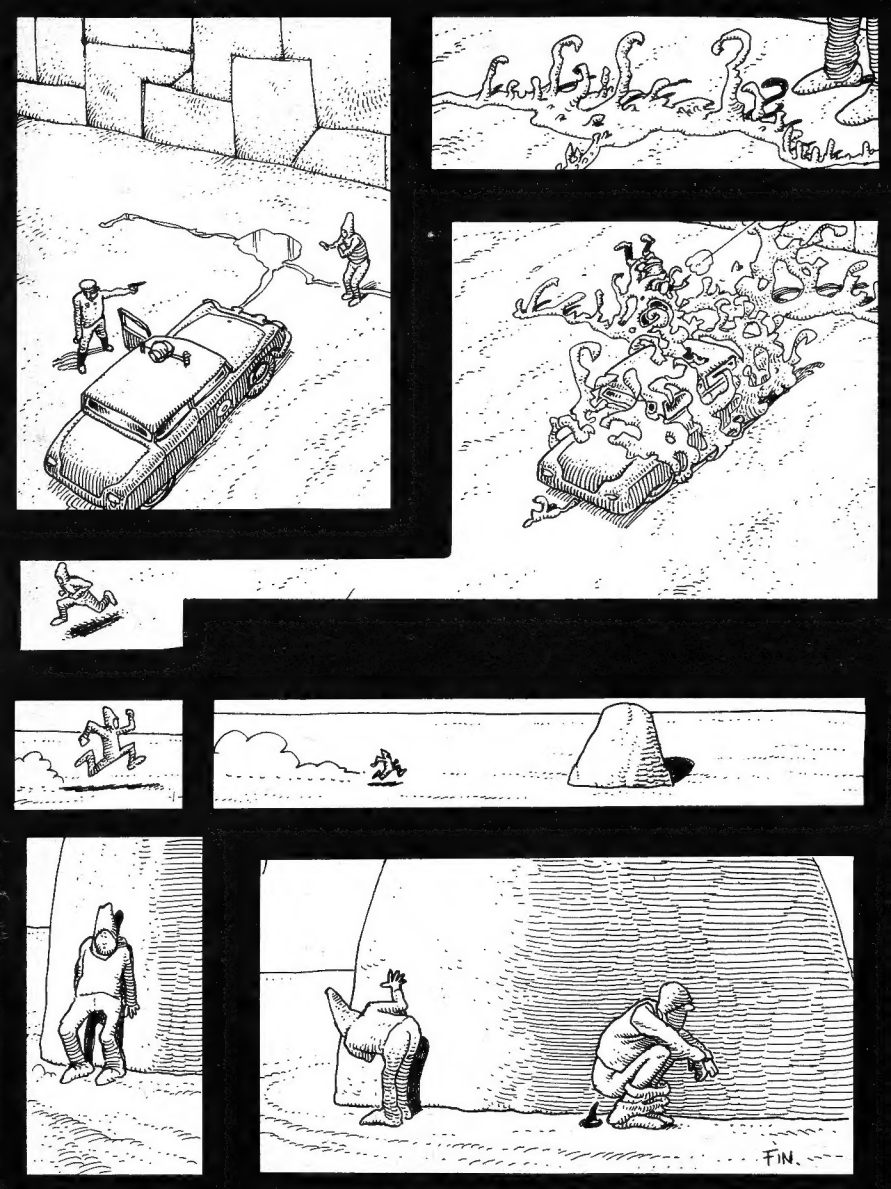
ASSASSIN...
OH, TREACHEROUS AND CRUEL GODS! THIS DEMON WAS MY BODY AND YOU KNEW IT! YOU REND MY SOUL AND SOIL MY HANDS WITH MY OWN BLOOD! OH, HATEFUL GODS! AARGH...
AARGH!
ASSASSIN...
SILENCE! ≥BZZIIP≤ ...THE WILL OF THE GODS ON HIGH IS DONE AGAIN! ON YOUR FEET NOW! IN YOUR WEAKNESS, YOU FORGOT YOUR DUTY... THE ROAD IS LONG...
ON YOUR WAY! ≥BZZIIP≤
MY BLOOD, MY SWEET BLOOD!
AAAAH
SCHLACK SCHLICK
AAAH
HE'S IN A BAD WAY, THIS POOR GUY.. THERE ARE A LOT OF DEMONS AROUND HERE... SURELY, THE GREAT DAY WILL COME...


MY WAY WAS DARK, AND MY FLAME WAS EXTINGUISHED... THE ROAD WAS RED WITH WARM BLOOD... BLOOD...
SCHPLOK SHPLOK
TCHAC
SCHPLOK SCHPLOK
TCHAC
SCHPLOK SCHPLOK
MY BLOOD
NO MORE!
BZIP?
AAH!
AUGL
NO MORE!
}BZZIIP!{ ON YOUR FEET, THE GODS ORDER YOU: STRIKE DOWN THIS DEMON BEFORE HE MATERIALIZES AGAIN... OBEY!

OBEY, FOOL! BEFORE HE RECOVERS HIS STRENGTH! ;BZZIIP/ ≤ GOOD G..
RAAAARR
TOO LATE!
GIVE ME THAT!
BZWIP
NO! NOT MY SOUL... NOT MY EVERLASTING FAITH!!! MONSTER! INGRATE!


THERE RANG OUT A **LAUGH**, AN ENORMOUS AND SATANICAL LAUGH, AN IGNOBLE AND GROTESQUE LAUGH, THAT OF A **DEMON** EXPERIENCING HIS FIRST MOMENTS OF **LIBERTY**, OF INVULNERABILITY IN ETERNITY... AND IT WAS SERIOUS, **VERY SERIOUS** FOR THE AUTHORITY OF THE REIGNING **GODS**....
FIN


HARZACK


FIN.

Empire's Blueprint for Better Listening...

No matter what system you own, a new Empire phono cartridge is certain to improve its performance.

The advantages of Empire are threefold.

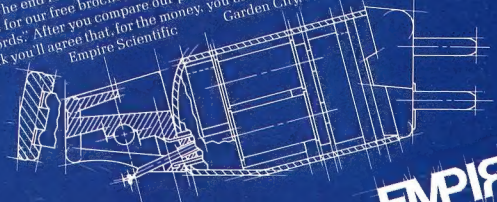
One, your records will last longer. Unlike other magnetic cartridges, Empire's moving iron design allows our diamond stylus to float free of its magnets and coils. This imposes much less weight on the record surface and insures longer record life.

Two, you get better separation. The small, hollow iron armature we use allows for a tighter fit in its positioning among the poles. So, even the most minute movement is accurately reproduced to give you the space and depth of the original recording.

Three, Empire uses 4 poles, 4 coils, and 3 magnets (more than any other cartridge) for better balance and hum rejection.

The end result is great listening. Audition one for yourself or write for our free brochure, "How To Get The Most Out Of Your Records." After you compare our performance specifications we think you'll agree that, for the money, you can't do better than Empire.

Empire Scientific Garden City, New York 11530



EMPIRE

Already your system sounds better.

MODEL & STYLUS COLOR	4000 D/III	4000 D/II	4000 D/I	2000Z	2000 E/III	2000 E/II	2000 E/I	2000 E	2000
FREQUENCY RESPONSE	10Hz-50KHz ± 3 db	15Hz-50KHz ± 3 db	15Hz-45KHz ± 3 db	20Hz-20KHz ± 1 db	20Hz-20KHz ± 2 db	20Hz-20KHz ± 2 db	20Hz-20KHz ± 3 db	20Hz-20KHz ± 3 db	20Hz-20KHz ± 3 db
TRACKING FORCE RANGE	¾-1¼ gm	¾-1½ gm	1-1¾ gm	¾-1¼ gm	¾-1½ gm	¾-1½ gm	1-2 gm	1¼-2½ gm	1½-3 gm
SEPARATION: 15Hz to 1KHz 1KHz to 20KHz 20KHz to 50KHz 20 Hz to 500Hz 500Hz to 15KHz 15KHz to 20KHz	28 db 23 db 15 db	26 db 21 db 15 db	24 db 20 db 15 db	20 db 30 db 25 db	20 db 28 db 20 db	20 db 25 db 18 db	18 db 23 db 15 db	18 db 23 db 15 db	16 db 21 db 13 db
I. M. DISTORTION @ 3.54 cm/sec	.2% 2KHz-20KHz	.2% 2KHz-20KHz	.2% 2KHz-20KHz	.08% 2KHz-20KHz	.1% 2KHz-20KHz	.15% 2KHz-20KHz	.2% 2KHz-20KHz	.2% 2KHz-20KHz	.2% 2KHz-20KHz
STYLUS	.2 mil bi-radial	.2 mil bi-radial	.2 mil bi-radial	.2 x .7 mil elliptical	.2 x .7 mil elliptical	.2 x .7 mil elliptical	.2 x .7 mil elliptical	.3 x .7 mil elliptical	.7 mil radius spherical
EFFECTIVE TIP MASS	.4 milligram	.4 milligram	.4 milligram	.2 milligram	.6 milligram	.6 milligram	.6 milligram	.9 milligram	1 milligram
COMPLIANCE	$30x10^{-6}$ cm/dyne	$30x10^{-6}$ cm/dyne	$30x10^{-6}$ cm/dyne	$30x10^{-6}$ cm/dyne	$20x10^{-6}$ cm/dyne	$18x10^{-6}$ cm/dyne	$17x10^{-6}$ cm/dyne	$16x10^{-6}$ cm/dyne	$14x10^{-6}$ cm/dyne
TRACKING ABILITY	32 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1 gm	32 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1¼ gm	30 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1½ gm	38 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ .9 gm	32 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1 gm	28 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1¼ gm	28 cm/sec @ 1 KHz @ 1½ gm	28 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1¾ gm	32 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 2 gm
CHANNEL BALANCE	within 1 db @ 1KHz	within 1 db @ 1KHz	within 1½ db @ 1KHz	within ¾ db @ 1KHz	within 1 db @ 1KHz	within 1¼ db @ 1KHz	within 1½ db @ 1KHz	within 1½ db @ 1KHz	within 1½ db @ 1KHz
INPUT LOAD	100K ohms/ channel	100K ohms/ channel	100K ohms/ channel	47K ohms/ channel	47K ohms/ channel	47K ohms/ channel	47K ohms/ channel	47K ohms/ channel	47K ohms/ channel
TOTAL CAPACITANCE	under 100 pf/channel	under 100 pf/channel	under 100 pf/channel	300 pf/channel	400-500 pf/channel	400-500 pf/channel	400-500 pf/channel	400-500 pf/channel	400-500 pf/channel
OUTPUT @ 3.54 cm/sec	3 mv/channel	3 mv/channel	3 mv/channel	3 mv/channel	4.5 mv/channel	4.5 mv/channel	7 mv/channel	7 mv/channel	7 mv/channel